

HENRY WILSON

ONE OF GOD'S BEST.





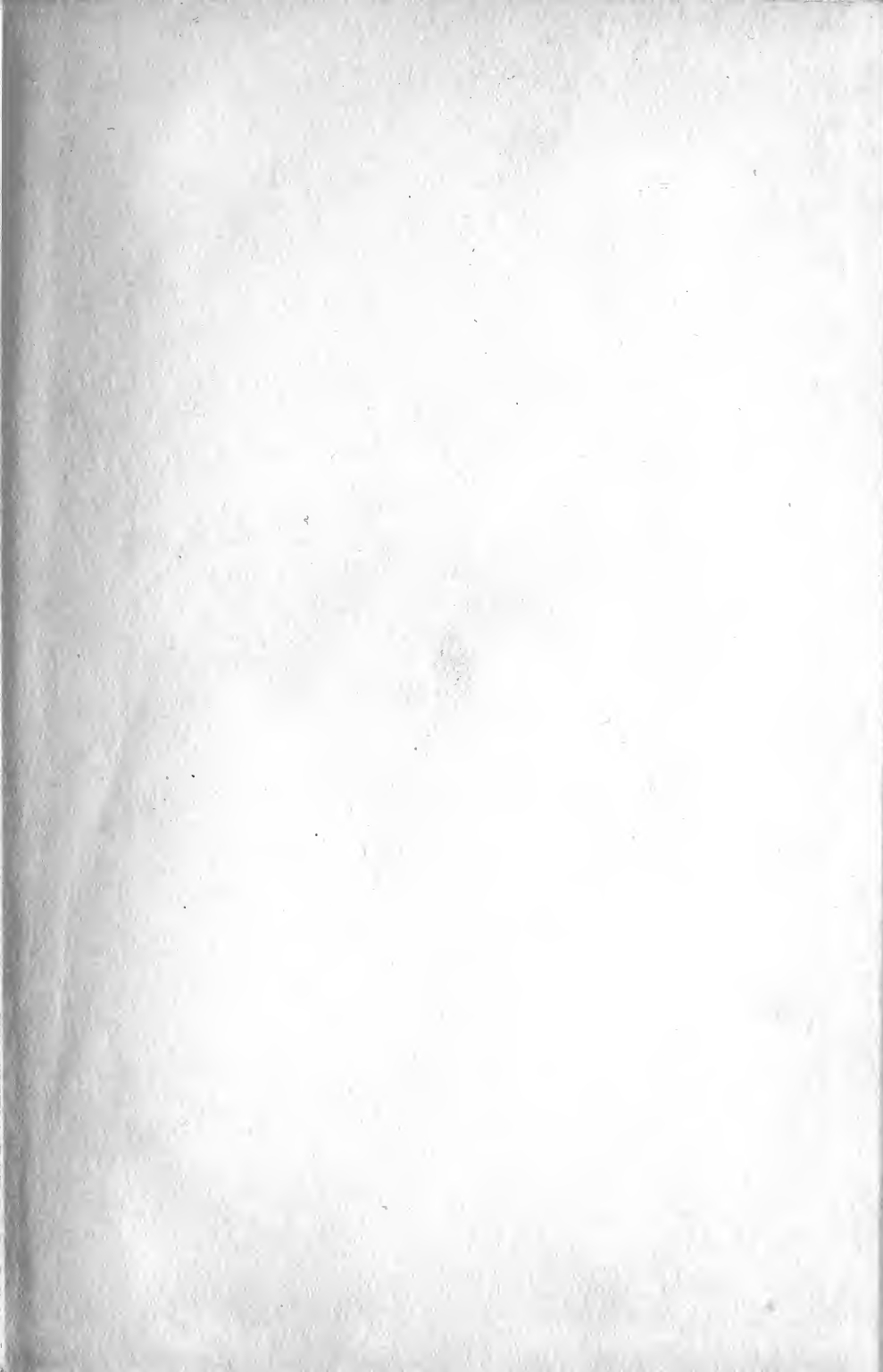
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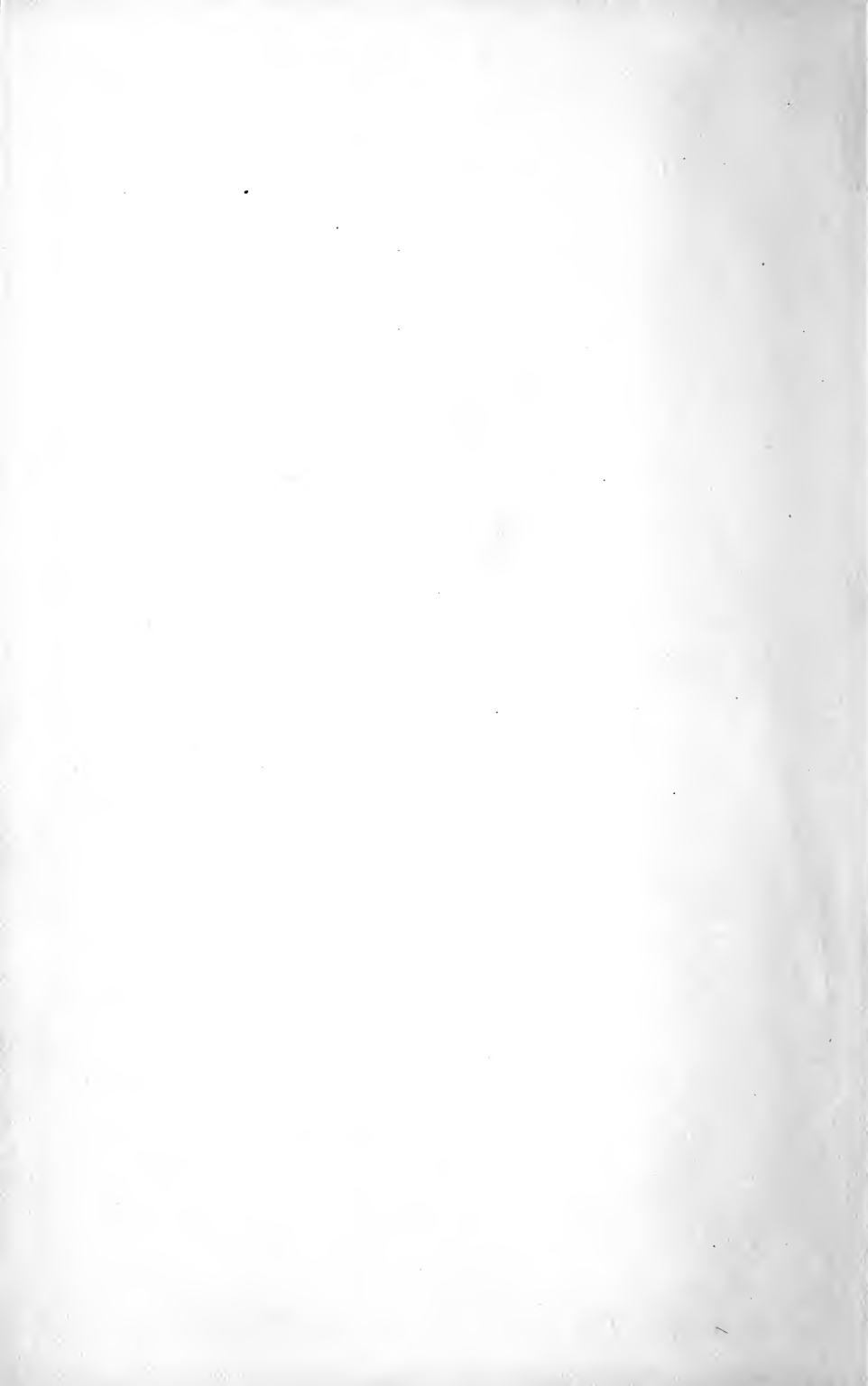
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ONE OF GOD'S BEST

By

MADÈLE WILSON

and

A. B. SIMPSON

NEW YORK.

THE ALLIANCE PRESS COMPANY,

692 EIGHTH AVENUE.

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1908

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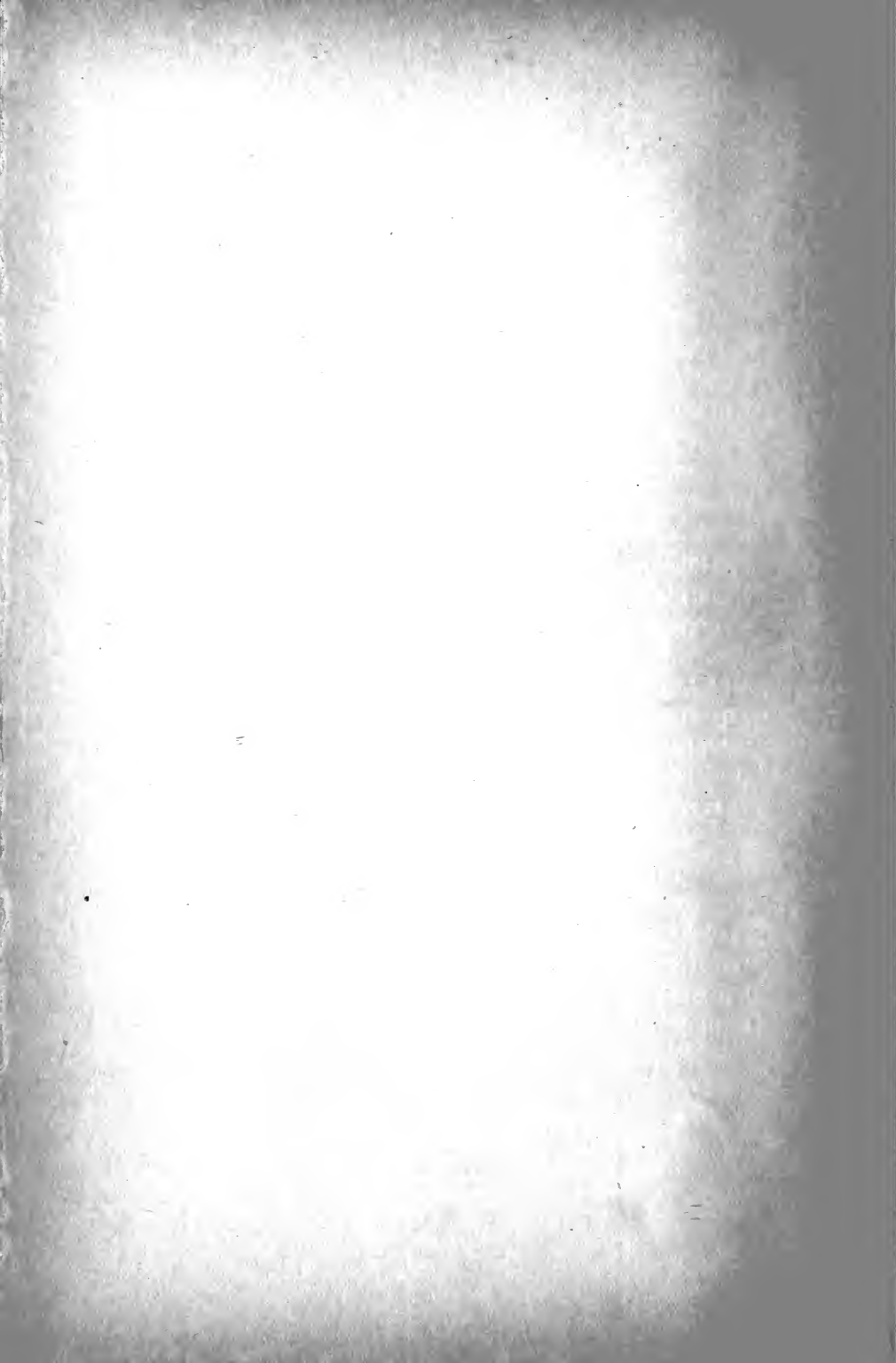
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PREFACE.

In gathering together a few facts relative to a life so unspeakably beautiful, so truly Christian, so extensively influential, I may be pardoned if perchance around the commonplace statements I am guilty of throwing the halo of filial affection, the admiration of a close and satisfied critic, or the unbounded adoration, formed at close range, due to a soul as nearly perfect as man could be: of whom it might be said, "the world was not worthy," or perhaps in a higher order of judgment, "he was a man after God's own heart."

This little sketch is made with the prayer that to the toilers on the uphill steep of Life, the Reality of the Eternal Dawn, the sure and certain meeting of the Blessedly Departed, and the glorious reunion of all those who have been "faithful unto death," may be made so vital that for the joy that is set before them they may a little while longer bear the cross and endure the shame until Death is swallowed up in victory.

MADÈLE WILSON.



NOTE.

After reading with profound interest the chapters which had been prepared by Madèle Wilson as a loving memorial of her father and my beloved friend, Dr. Henry Wilson, I felt the record would be inadequate without, at least, an attempt to portray the seventeen years which he spent in the work of the Gospel Tabernacle and the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and which constituted the last, and perhaps the most active and fruitful portion of his noble and useful career. I have, therefore, incorporated in the volume, Chapters V-IX inclusive, giving, I fear, but an imperfect sketch of Henry Wilson's Work with the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Henry Wilson as a Minister, Henry Wilson and the Children, Henry Wilson and the Work of Missions, and Henry Wilson as a Man. The other chapters are from the pen of his daughter and add many intensely interesting letters of biography and correspondence accessible to her alone. They will be read, I am certain, with intense interest by the wide circle of friends who

loved so well that dear friend, whose charming and striking personality and many sided character and work no pen or picture can ever adequately reproduce.

A. B. SIMPSON.

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CHAPTER I.

A BRIEF SKETCH.

"Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

"If I should die to-night my friends would look
upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place
And deem that Death had left it almost fair.
And laying snow-white flowers beneath my hair,
Would fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands! So empty and so cold to-night.
If I should die to-night, the eyes that chill me
with averted glance,
Would look upon me as of yore perchance
And soften in the old familiar way
For who could war with dumb, defenceless clay?
And I should be forgiven of all to-night.
Oh, friends keep not your kisses for my cold,
dead brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,
When dreamless rest is mine.
I shall not need the tenderness for which I long
to-night."

IT would be difficult to describe in any adequate words the personality of one so truly great and so genuinely kind as Dr. Wilson.

The geniality of his character extended from the hearts of little children to the minds of great men.

He was alike the companion of both. His sympathy, compassion and unfailing cheer-

fulness, allied with a vigorous body, a sound mind and ever-ready willingness, made him the truest friend in sorrow, the kindest adviser in difficulty and the servant of all under all circumstances.

No personal ambitions, pleasures or rights ever swerved him from the path of conscience, duty or liberality.

Even family claims were secondary to his high and holy calling. When on one occasion he was called upon to part with all his worldly possessions and position for conscience' sake, he unflinchingly did it. When later in life, the call came a little closer home to his heart and God required one of his flesh and blood for His service he again willingly made the sacrifice. And when on the third occasion, additional spiritual light was revealed to his vision he voluntarily resigned a remunerative position that his field of labor might be extended and the glorious Gospel be more widely preached.

In later years his life work took him far afield, making his home the exceptional and bright resting place in his earthly warfare. So Death found him, after a three days' halt, again on his way to do his Master's service.

He arrived at Atlanta, at the home of devoted friends, who made his last earthly hours as supremely happy as they could be in the absence of his only two children, who could not arrive at his bedside in time.

The latest services he conducted were on Sunday, February 9, 1908, and on Tuesday, 11th, his last hours were given to a meeting with the little children.

On February 13, at the midnight hour, he passed through the "ever open door" and entered the gates of the Eternal City.

A word to our readers about his earthly career might be interesting.

He was born in Peterborough, Canada, in the year 1841. At an early age he won the Wellington Scholarship and entered Trinity College, from which he won several degrees, receiving the highest and last, that of Doctor of Divinity, in the year 1883.

His first ministry was as curate of the Cathedral of St. George's, Kingston, Canada.

It was in this city that the great crisis and turning point of his life came.

The Salvation Army up to that time was an unknown factor.

On its arrival, despite his high churchly

standing, he boldly and uncompromisingly stood up for its principles, defended its methods, answered its critics, and later in life, sealed his intense devotion to its cause by giving his elder daughter to its service.

This attitude toward the Army cost him his living. His Dean gave him his choice. He made it, and leaving behind him the work of seventeen years, a city full of heart-broken friends, three lonely little graves in a country churchyard (which church he had labored for years to build for the people of that district, and where he now lies) he went forth, not knowing whither he went, taking with him his two motherless little girls.

He found a home and position in the well-known parish of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, under the rectorship of the Rev. William Rainsford, D. D.

After seven years of service in this field of labor he voluntarily resigned and allied himself with the Christian and Missionary Alliance work, under the leadership of the Rev. A. B. Simpson.

From this field of labor God called him after seventeen years of loving service, and now that life's journey is ended may I not

adequately quote these words as exemplifying his life:

"Nay, never falter, no great deed was ever done by falterers who ask for certainty; the greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a *hero*," and might we not in a deeper and truer sense add, the greatest gift a Christian leaves his race is to have been a Christ-man.

He lived and acted toward all mankind with the spirit of life, opportunity and service.

His death was triumphant because his life was victorious, and the expression of hundreds of broken hearts was but the reflection of thousands of kindly deeds he performed in his daily ministry, and might we not truly say, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

O infant heart upon the stage of Time,
Thy little life has entered;
The curtain lifts before the mist of years
Whose mysteries as yet untold thy little life
must fathom.
So meet its call, that from the bourne, from
whence no traveller returns,
Thou mayest look back upon the after-glow of
life
And bless God for the day He gave and for the
dawn to come.

M. W.

From the following letter which I quote I am indebted somewhat for the title of this book; and as my father was such a lover of children I thought the letter of the little lad a most exquisite suggestion.

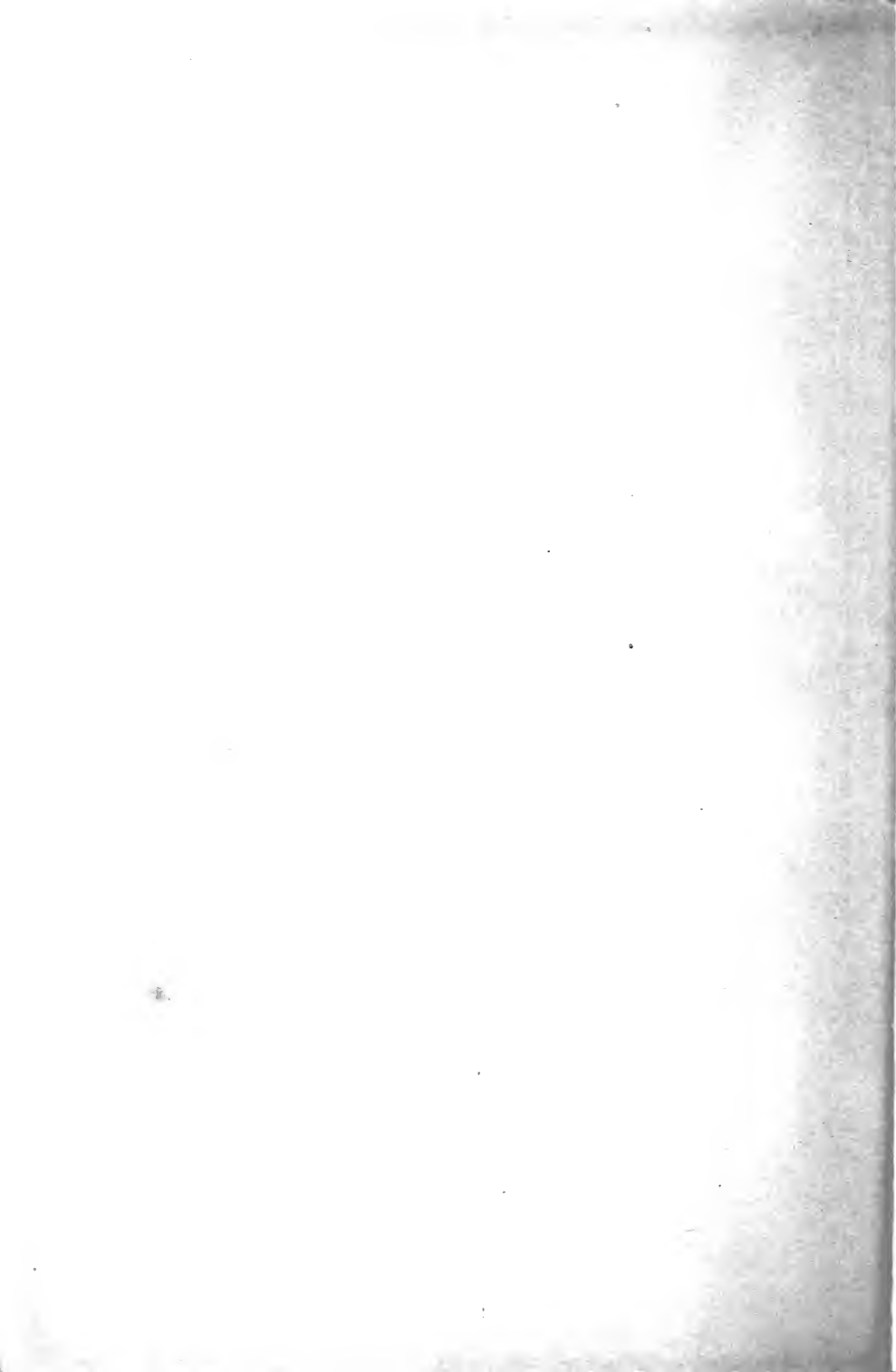
The letter is written by the aunt of the little boy. She says:

"About sixteen years ago, while on a visit in New York City, I first met Dr. Wilson. Calling at the house one day, on leaving he said to my four-year-old nephew, 'My boy, when you say your prayers at night will you remember to add, God bless Dr. Wilson and make him a good man!'

"The child did not forget the request, but that night repeated the words of his own



"Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 10).



accord, continuing the practice for perhaps two years after our return to our home in Ohio. One night when about six years old as he came to that part of his prayer he suddenly stopped and looking up at me said earnestly, 'Auntie, isn't Dr. Wilson a good man *yet*.' I hardly knew what to say, but satisfied the child with some sort of explanation. Having occasion to write to Dr. Wilson shortly after, I mentioned the occurrence and asked what my answer should have been. Here is his reply—the letter lies before me and is dated July 11, 1896:

"Please remember me with much love to the dear boy who has been praying so faithfully for me all these years.

'Tell him that in *me* at least there is always room for improvement.

'If he thinks that I have reached the positive "good" there is farther on the comparative "better," and still farther on the "best," not *my* best, but *God's* best. So ask him to pray on for this, and read him with my love and prayer for him Mr. Simpson's beautiful lines which I enclose.' (The leaflet has disappeared, but I think it was entitled "God's Best" or "His Best.")

"So I read the child both the poem and the quoted words of the letter, though doubtful of his understanding much of either. But that night, after saying the usual words, 'God bless Dr. Wilson,' he paused, and after thinking a moment, added, 'and make him your *best* man,' and from this on until two or three years later, when he concluded to say his prayers 'into himself,' the words were unfailingly repeated for how much longer I do not know.

"In a letter to Dr. Wilson, perhaps a month or two later, I mentioned this last incident, and he replied:

"'I thank you for what you tell me of the darling boy and the new prayer he is now offering up to God for me.

"'Please tell him how I appreciate it and how the telling of the story in a meeting the other day was blessed to those who heard it.

"'May God make of me indeed His very best and give me the pleasure some day of meeting the dear child.'"

"They never met again in this life, but will not the prayer be answered? For the praying boy has grown into the earnest Christian youth and in the cloudless some

day of God's own appointed time will they not surely meet again."

It is difficult, looking back over events, to trace much of the early history of what came out in later years in such bold and fine relief, and this is a cause of regret to the writer inasmuch as Dr. Wilson's intense love for little children would have made his own childhood a peculiarly interesting one to many readers.

Suffice it to say that as his own Christian character was so beautifully *human* as well as sublime there is no reason to doubt that his childhood was marked by those traits of simplicity, love of beauty, change, brightness, cheerfulness and many other points which became more marked as the years went on. Like most children, he was fond of light music, color and animals, and when I tell you that as a small boy he toiled up hill for a quarter of a mile with six pails of water to earn a ticket to see a travelling menagerie, you will see that the boy's love of animals and a willingness to earn what he could not otherwise command showed a strength of purpose and a love of the dumb creation, which are pleasing to note. At a much later age he might be found

taking little children to the Zoo or telling them elephant and monkey stories, and such fascination had these stories for his little devotees that on one occasion when in the midst of his morning private devotions two little pair of impatient feet made their way many times to that sanctum till their patience reached its limit in the words, "Oh, Dr. Wilson, you've said prayers enough. Come on downstairs and tell us the monkey story."

May I quote to you a few lines from a letter written me after he had passed the borderland, showing the wonderful influence he had with young lives:

"My dear Miss Wilson.

"You don't remember me, I am sure. I was one of the little children years and years ago in your father's class at Southampton (Long Island) in the little Dune Church.

"The lessons, stories and hymns made the deepest impression on me, as on all the children, but more than anything he taught us in words was the inspiration of his wonderful personality, and I can remember his face, his smile, his gestures as clearly to-day as if I had seen him yesterday, and I

have not seen him since. You know what deep feelings children have and will understand when I tell you that your father taught me what God's love is, and that his words sunk into my heart and have never left me. He was the first person I had ever seen who made religion real, and my gratitude to him is boundless. As soon as I could I tried to teach others what he had taught me. And during the eleven years I have taught I have used his stories and have tried with all my heart to make the children feel what he made me feel. The last two years I went each spring to tell him the seed he planted was growing and both times he was away, and this morning when I went again it was to learn that he was dead."

How dearly he was loved by old and young alike!

He had the unbounded admiration of children, and their elders not infrequently accompanied the younger set to his "children's talks" that for their own hearts and needs they might gather inspiration from the truth set forth in so graphic and winsome a way.

The secret of his success with children in

a great measure was due to his adaptability, and his own youthful spirit.

For several years in our own home we kept a small maiden of three summers that we might study at closer range the subject so dear to both our hearts—childhood. And as our Lord took this type as one of the characteristic essentials to the entrance of His kingdom we truly felt as if we were entertaining an angel unawares, and the last night he spent in his own little home was in entertaining our small visitor with the much loved “monkey story.” I will tell you one little story about a talk he gave many years ago and which made such an impression on my mind as a child that later in life I asked him if he would allow me to reconstruct it and write a Christmas story for my little kindergarten children.

Last Christmas he allowed me to do so. It was a sad and unexpected ending I put to it. But because it was his story, and also because it had a real ending. I thought you might like to have me repeat it.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Once there was an old man called *Time* and whenever he heard that a little baby

was born he always went to the door and left a parcel for the little stranger.

If he went to the homes of the rich, the box was always done up in gold or silver paper, and when he went to some other houses it was done up in rough brown paper.

But the strange part of it all was that whatever he put around the parcel the thing inside was always the same.

And wherever he left the parcels he also left strict orders that before they got to the end of life's journey they would have to open their parcels. Some could open them early and some could open them late.

But everybody would have to take them along with them—some for a long way and some for a little way—before they laid them down, and when the day came to lay that burden down Father Time would open another door through which they would pass to a beautiful world where they would have no burdens to carry any more.

Now when the rich and poor alike opened their parcels what do you suppose they all found? A number of little things called "The troubles of life."

DISCONTENTED.

Now nobody liked what was in the parcels and nobody wanted to carry them.

Some said they would like to burn them, but they would not burn, and some people wanted to throw them into the sea, but they would not sink, and so they had to do what Father Time said they would, and that was to bear the burden or carry the parcel he had left for them.

So they all started to bear their burdens, and this is the way some of them tried:

They tied their troubles all up again and with a long string they put them around their necks and hung them in front of them so that when they walked along the path of Life their heads were bowed and their eyes were down so that they could not see the beautiful things of life at all.

At last a kind friend called experience said to them: "Put your burden behind you and see if that won't be easier."

So they turned their troubles behind them and they bore them with their heads erect, and eyes uplifted, and walked so straight that people looked at them in wonder, that with such heavy burdens they seemed to

walk even straighter than those who *seemed* to have no troubles.

STUMBLING STONES.

Then some other people did not carry them all together. They opened the box, and took their troubles out one by one and spread them all along the path of Life, and they stumbled over them and fell down and hurt themselves and discouraged others; and when they came to the end of the journey they were all bruised and sore, and had not been able to help themselves or other people just because they had stumbled over what were never meant for "stumbling stones."

But there were other people who took the same troubles and laid them out along the path of Life and stepped upon every trouble that came in their way; and every time they stepped up they caught a new sight of heaven and their troubles brought them nearer to God.

So they made "*stepping stones*" of what they found in their parcels.

MILLSTONES.

Now there were some other people who

took each trouble out, one at a time, and tied it around their necks in front and showed it to all their friends, till their friends were tired and worn out looking at their troubles, and at last they became such a burden to themselves and their friends that they went by the name of "*millstones*."

And would you believe there was another way you could put your troubles along the path of Life so that they would not be either *stepping stones*, *stumbling stones* or *millstones*? Well, there was another way. And this was it:

Every trouble they had they put on the road, and it marked an event in their life, and when they looked back on the road they had come along they could see all they had passed by that they would never have to pass again, and it made them feel strong, and those who could count many stones felt stronger than those who could count few, and so they made their troubles beautiful *milestones*.

MOUNTING STONES.

And then they came to the end of the journey and all the people who had *made* stepping stones and milestones of their

troubles, gathered them together, and their old friend Experience placed them in a large mound at the end of the journey; and when Time told them the journey was ended, they looked back and there were no more troubles on the path, but they had all been gathered up at the end, and made into beautiful "*mounting stones*" to a higher life. And then Time closed the door and they found themselves where there is no more sorrow nor crying nor any more pain, for they carry no more burdens as they are before the throne of God and the journey of life is ended.

A BEAUTIFUL ENDING.

I am going to tell you the story of a good man who made this journey and came to the gates of the Eternal City on St. Valentine's Day.

When that morning dawned he was within its portals, and had left behind him a city full of sorrow and pain through which he had walked for 67 years, not quite three score years and ten, but very nearly.

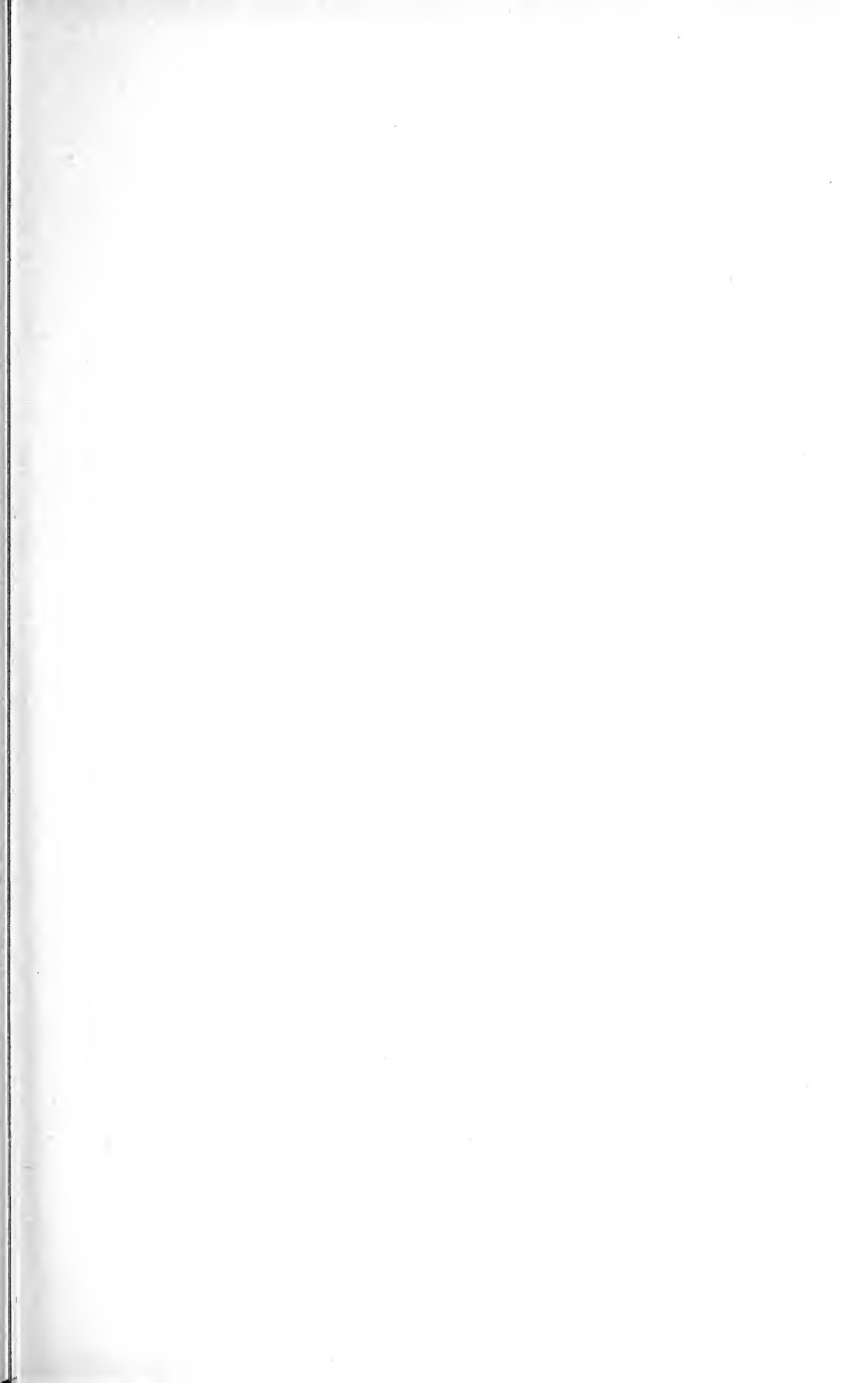
This good man, the Rev. Doctor Wilson, was a true lover of little children, and he looks back to-day over a life well spent.

He lived a good life because he had God in it; he lived a useful life because he found plenty to do in caring for poor unfortunate, needy people; he lived an unselfish life because the motives of his heart were prompted by a consideration for others; first and always.

His was a life to be envied in the highest and truest sense; his principles were the principles that anyone of us could, by the grace of God, follow to the end.

He was on a journey—going about his Master's business—a journey from which he never returned until attended by the Angel of Death. And because he helped to make life so beautiful for other people all the way along the line, there were many sad hearts, and little children felt they had lost a big brother, and big people felt they had lost a friend, and the earth was poorer, but heaven had opened its door to give an abundant entrance to a true soldier of Jesus Christ.

He was a hard-working little boy; his parents were poor, and later in life he won high honors in college because he made the most of the chances and opportunities that crossed his path.





"THE LITTLE MAIDEN OF THREE SUMMERS."

But though he was a *clever* man, the world honored him most because he was a *good* man. He had in his heart what earthly wealth could not procure, and so his life was valuable to the rich, and to the poor he was an unfailing friend.

If you had known him you could not have failed to love him. He was never too big to become as a little child to children.

He was never too holy to fail to be human at the same time; never too busy or occupied to fail to be courteous and sympathetic under all circumstances.

He had a "face like a benediction," a smile that was the embodiment of cheer, and a laugh that was an inspiration. He was a cheerful Christian all through to the end, despite the fact that he met with so many sorrowing lives, and "when he had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

May God give us all grace to experience so truly vital a Christianity and so noble a **life.**

CHAPTER III.

HIS EARLY CHURCH CAREER.

"Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodland

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven." (Longfellow.)

THE above quotation aptly describes the character of my father at a time in his life when he passed through dark waters, and for the sake of those who knew him in his later years as the embodiment of happiness, and may I reverently say holiness, I would be untrue to my subject were I to omit the shadows which give balance and tone to the picture, or paint in lighter vein the strong and sombre background, which brought out in clearer contrast in later years the high light of so true and noble a character.

One of his favorite quotations was

"The mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain."

And no life more truly exemplified it than did his.

His early ministry began in the city of Kingston, Canada.

As a young man with very limited means (his father having been a master in one of the Canadian schools) he made his way successfully through Trinity College, Toronto, mainly by his arduous labors, untiring zeal and conscientious study, tutoring at the same time he was preparing for the most difficult examination. He won the Wellington Scholarship, which enabled him to successfully finish his college career, but came to his first parish a physical wreck from overstudy, long hours and a delicate constitution. To those who knew him in later life with his strong and manly physique this part of the story will hardly seem credible, or perhaps I more truly ought to say, the value of his belief in Divine Healing will be more keenly enhanced.

A young, attractive Church of England curate, with a loving helpmeet in his talented young wife, seemed indeed a fair and prosperous commencement to his career, but ere eleven months had fled the solemn bells of the old church rang out their mournful message, and to the little country churchyard where he now lies, a solemn little broken-hearted band laid her to rest beneath the snow on that dark and dull December

day. And back to the care of his ten-day-old infant boy he turned with a broken heart. But loving friends were not wanting and tender care was given the motherless infant, and what a parish full of sympathetic hearts could do, was done to lighten his heavy burden, and staunch the bleeding wound. After three years there came to his life as verily "an angel of light" as was ever permitted to tread God's earth, or grace awhile an earthly home.

He met my mother. Fair of form, gracious of manner, tender of soul, beloved by poor and rich alike, she seemed too fair for this dark earth, lest perchance it were to brighten it awhile and leave the picture darker for the loss of the light that had been.

And into their happy married life there came my baby soul—to fill for one short year their cup of happiness ere it was dashed to earth by a shadow more dark and a blow even more stunning than heretofore.

When again the Angel of Birth stood at the threshold of his life and placed within his care and keeping another baby girl, Death followed swiftly in the track and ere two days had passed added to the list of the

blessed dead his young and beautiful wife ere twenty-two summers had crossed her life.

Words utterly fail me here to attempt to describe what only those whose hearts know their own bitterness, can very well imagine. With three little children he made the brave and lonely struggle in the uphill climb of life. Bereft of comradeship, a young and inexperienced father with a broken and shattered constitution as the result of his arduous college career, and the shadows that death had so rudely thrown across his earthly pathway.

And over that open grave, before his God in the silence of his own soul, he vowed a life of devotion to his Master's calling and a sacred fatherhood to his now and ever motherless children.

Brave soul of honor, who in the darkest hour of life *could* bow to a God from whom no secrets were hidden. Braver soul who in the subtle heat of life's glaring Midway kept his eye fixed on the "star of his soul," and he most brave who, when death called, could say, *It is well!*

Such characters are rare, and the world is not worthy of them.

To have lived with such a soul was more than one deserved, and if wealth were marked by character earth's riches could not repay for the loss of a soul so great, nor for the ever-living memory of having loved him and of having been loved by him.

With the months life assumed her proper proportions. Duties called and responsibility made her demands, and the horizon seemed for a little while again to be clear and the atmosphere devoid of darkness or storm.

But Death was lurking not far off, and though to all appearances he had had more than his share of sorrow, one more heart-breaking blow was dealt to him.

One beautiful summer day he joyfully gave his seven-year-old boy to the care of a governess for a day's outing for the pleasure of both, and on his return to greet the boy on his homecoming he learned by one heart-rending cry that he had fallen on leaving the boat, down between the wharf and the vessel, and in the fall had dragged to her death the young governess.

Beside himself with grief he made strenuous efforts to save them, but was withheld by stronger hands, and before his own eyes

he saw his darling boy, his first born, dragged in beneath the foaming water of the paddle wheel, and when he regained consciousness it was to learn that both lives were lost. And one more cross was added to the little graveyard plot, to mark another sorrow in a life so short and yet so filled with grief. And when on one occasion later in life he preached a very eloquent sermon on trusting God in hours of darkness, a broken-hearted man bitterly said to him: "Sir, if *you* had just buried your wife and boy could you dare preach a sermon like that?" And with his beautiful sympathetic smile he told him the story I have just told you.

But here we are approaching the last and fiercest strife of all—the turning point of his spiritual life (if perchance he could ever be called ought but spiritual). Still there came upon the horizon of the spiritual vision, such a light as crossed the life of St. Paul on his way to Damascus. With a voice from out the experience of the past, as clear as that which fell upon the ears of the apostle, and a call as definite.

It came not from the clear mid-day glare on a highway, but down on his face before

his God in the midnight hour at the penitent form of a Salvation Army barracks. His soul was freed, his conventionality broken, his creed broadened, his life expanded and his usefulness extended to unlimited measure. But lest I be tempted at this point to write with too much emotion upon the crucial point in his spiritual experience, which some would like to underestimate on account of its then so-called "crude setting," let me give you extracts culled from his personal correspondence with his Bishop (now dead) and his Dean, who also has passed beyond. And then allow me to draw the veil over the oncoming years and lift it sadly once again after a quarter of a century over his silent body as it lay in death within his old Cathedral, and let us put away in the treasury of memory the tribute of Dean Farthing (the present Dean) to his spiritual worth, and the last pathetic and loving request of his old parishioners (whose hearts had been loyal to him despite a system) for the mortal remains of what in life they had been too sadly deprived.

My father had been known to remark that if the Salvation Army were doing the

work it professed to, if it ever came to our city he would uphold its principles. It came with the startling announcement that "The Salvation Army would bombard Kingston and the first shot would be fired into the enemy's camp from the Market Square at such an hour."

Will you picture to yourself the effect of such language upon the conventionality of the day, not to mention the irritating impression on those of military life accustomed to such phraseology in another setting.

But let us watch the coming. In the market square in a cold Canadian winter a small band, two men and two women, knelt—alone—and prayed in mighty faith, long since justified by work and results, that God would give them souls for their hire; and that sinners should be converted unto Him.

An amused and skeptical crowd watched them until patient labor, deep yearning desire and mighty faith were rewarded, and God gave them souls, and amongst those who knelt at their penitent form was no more brave Christian soldier than my honored and esteemed father.

But let me use his own words in reference

to God's leading in his life so you may have his testimony and not mine.

"To help some other life, and to show what God can do for a soul, and in a soul willing to be made willing and obedient to His highest will, is the purpose of this brief testimony of spiritual experience.

"In my case God's order was, *First the Soul*. I was saved in a very unexpected but most real way through the Salvation Army after seventeen years of a ministry, called by some successful, and certainly in some degree blessed.

"I found myself one night kneeling at the penitent form of the Army, pleading for pardon and peace, and needing both, as much as the drunkard on one side of me and the lost woman on the other.

"I saw myself as never before, a poor lost soul, just as much as they, so far as the need of a new heart and a right spirit was concerned.

"Then and there I found what I was seeking, shortly afterwards in a night of prayer never to be forgotten, in the Army barracks. I saw the vision of God and heard the voice of my Saviour as clearly and surely as Paul did on the Damascus road.

"In a new and real way, beyond any telling in words, I entered into the kingdom of God, old things passed away and all things became new. Long cherished theological views vanished in the light of His face, who is the Truth Itself. Moses and Elias and all they had meant to me were swallowed up in the effulgence of Jesus, with whom they had been talking and to whom they had all their lives witnessed.

"Hosea's suggestive words became my personal experience. Ephraim shall say, 'What have I to do any more with idols' (and I surely had some, theological and others). 'I have heard Him and observed Him (Jesus). I am like a green fir tree; from me is thy fruit found.' Hosea xiv. 8.

"The sweet old chorus became the song of my heart and lips:

" 'He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.'

"This the Holy Spirit, through the blessed Salvation Army, did for me in the year 1883, and made Jesus to me

" 'A living bright reality,
More present to Faith's vision keen,
Than any outward object seen.

More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.' ”

SECOND—THE SPIRIT.

“Then in due time and in God's own way came the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the realizing, not only of Jesus as my present and personal Saviour, but of the filling of my spirit with the very Spirit of God and the fulness of Jesus, not for salvation merely, but for all that follows and flows from it, in Himself.

“The name matters so little when the reality is there, whether it was the second blessing or the experience of sanctification or whether it was an act done by the Holy Ghost upon my saved and cleansed heart or a state produced by that act, I have never cared much to enquire. I know that Jesus gave me the Holy Spirit to be my present and eternal Sanctifier, and the Holy Ghost made Jesus my Sanctification and made His name and nature so rich and full in its meaning and power that from that hour to this the ‘fulness of Jesus’ and ‘filled with the Holy Ghost’ have meant to me what the filling and overflowing of pure water does to the empty vessel, or a river

of wholesome water does to a dry and barren land.

"What these two tremendous facts, the salvation of my soul and the sanctification of my spirit, did for me in the way of service I can only hint at here.

"Soul and spirit on fire with love to God and a lost world, the Word of God illumined by His Holy Spirit became a new and living Book to me, believing now it means just what it says and says just what it means, and that it is the Word of God from cover to cover. I have had no time for higher or lower criticism of it, but have more than I can do to make it 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

"New power, new pleasure in simply preaching the Word. 1. Himself who is the Divine Incarnate Word. 2. His words which He Himself says are spirit and life (John vi.).

"Souls saved through and through—fed and sanctified after salvation, and then set and sent forth to win and bless other souls.

"These are some of the 'exceeding great and precious fruits that have come to and

through my redeemed spirit-filled lips. To God be the glory for all.

THIRD—THE BODY.

"Last in order, and as the climax of all came the healing and quickening of my mortal body (Rom. viii. 2) by the same spirit.

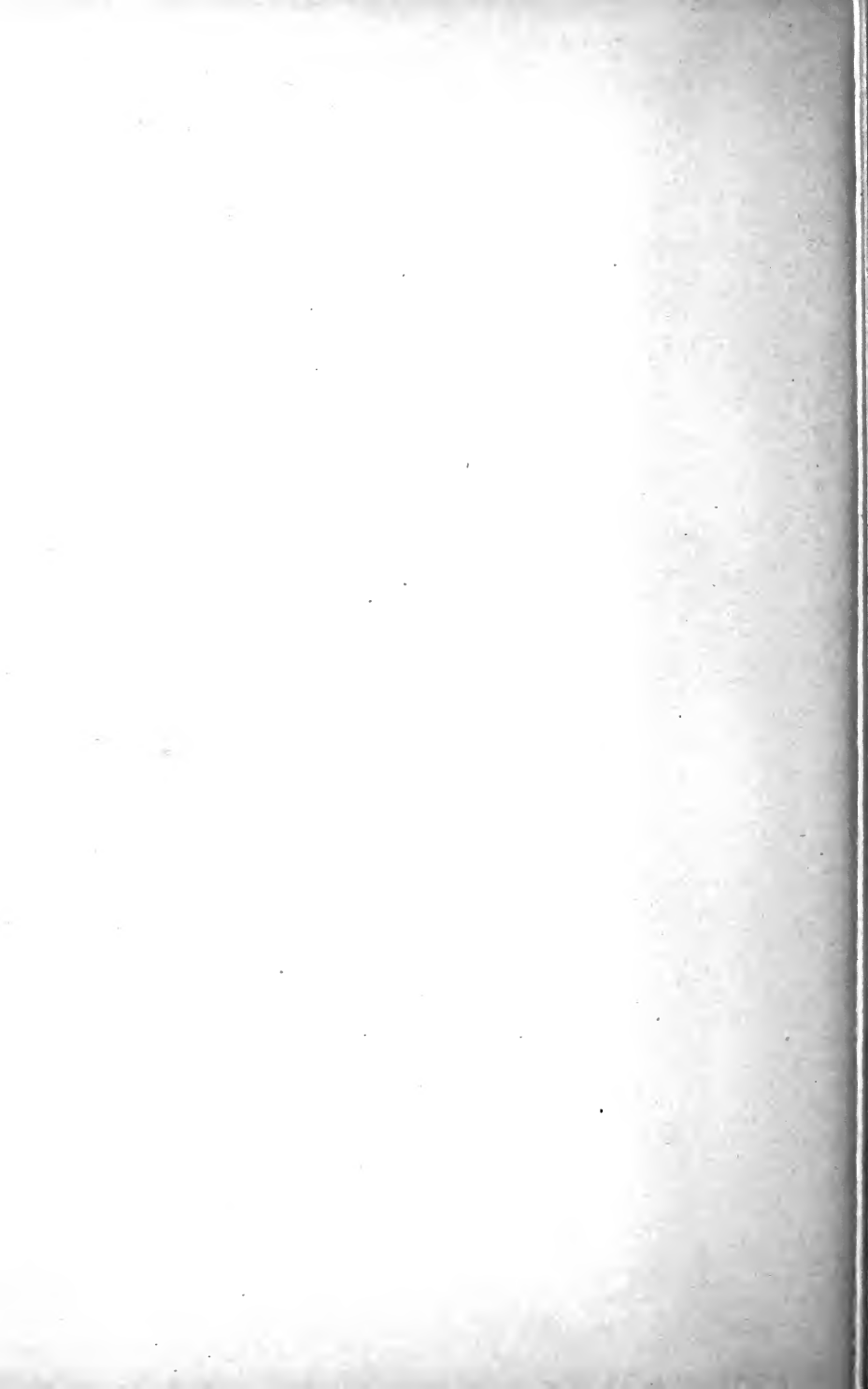
"After seventeen years of severe invalidism—a victim of chronic dyspepsia, catarrhal and throat troubles, nervous depression, resulting partly from severe physical injuries and partly from great sorrows and trials early in life and long continued—I found under the teaching of my beloved brother, Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, that Jesus is indeed the 'Saviour of the Body' (Eph. v. 23) in a way I had never dreamed of.

"By the Holy Spirit, through his teaching in life I learned the blessed secret of the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus for my body here and now and not merely when I should rise from the dead and meet Him in the air.

"I found that Ephesians v. 30 could be true of a man in this mortal life, here in the body, surrounded by the ordinary temp-



HENRY WILSON.
Aged 25 years.



tations, and pressed by the ordinary burdens of life, that I could be in very truth a member of His Body, risen and ascended and seated at the right hand of God, and of His flesh and of His bones, that I in Him and He in me meant this and nothing less, and that in the power of this indwelling vivifying Jesus Christ in my body, my flesh and my bones I could be rid of all my chronic troubles, and go and have continual victory over pain and every power of the enemy.

"No words can ever express the joy that filled my being when this precious truth dawned upon me, and better still when it became a present and permanent reality to me.

"For nearly seventeen years it has been not only a living reality to me, but a reality growing deeper and richer, until now at the age of nearly seventy years, I am in every sense a younger, fresher man than I was at thirty.

"At this present time I am in the strength of God, doing full twice as much work, mental and physical, as I have ever done in the best days of the past, and this observe,

with less than half the effort then necessary. It is a joy to work now.

"My life, physical, mental and spiritual, is like an artesian well—always full and overflowing.

"To speak, teach, travel by night and day in all weather and through all the sudden and violent changes of our variable climate, is no more effort for me than it is for the mill wheel to turn when the stream is full or for the pipe to let the water run through it.

" 'My body, soul and spirit thus redeemed,
Sanctified and healed I give, O Lord, to Thee,
A consecrated offering Thine ever more to be.
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite—hallelujah. Amen.'

'He that hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say,
He that hath made thee whole
Will keep thee day by day.'

And now rather than enter into any unhappy resurrection of past affairs, or wound the feelings of those who learned too late their loss I will here give the complete correspondence between my father and the Bishop of Ontario, Canada, to whom at this time he was chaplain.

The following is the complete correspon-

dence between the Bishop and Dr. Wilson:

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY,
NEW YORK, Jan. 7th, 1884.

My Lord.

As you are doubtless aware the Dean has declined to grant the request of a number of the Cathedral people and Christ Church Cateraqui to reinstate me as assistant minister.

I feel therefore that the time has come for me to address you as my Bishop—not with reference to the past, but to make a simple request with regard to my future.

The request is (1) That you as Bishop of the Dean allow me to do the work of an evangelist in Kingston and neighborhood.

By this I mean that you shall give me your license to preach the Gospel as a minister of the Church of England to all who may wish to come, or whom I may be able to reach, especially those attending no place of worship, and trust for my support to the free-will offerings of those attending my services.

(2) To arrange with the Dean for the separation of Christ Church from the Cathedral and the constitution of it into a

separate parish under my charge and in connection with my work in the city.

I make this request for the following reasons: (1) My whole ministry has been spent in Kingston and Cateraqui, and I should like, if it were God's will, to spend the rest of my days there.

(2) I am deeply attached to the people of both the city and township, and I should feel very keenly a separation from them now.

(3) To Christ Church particularly I am especially attached for reasons well known to your Lordship and the Dean, and I think you will both admit that I have some *moral* claim if no legal one to a church and a people dearer to me than words can express.

(4) Owing to recent troubles there is a large number of our people who I have great reason to fear will fall away from the church and whom without presumption I will hope, with God's help, to retain within the fold if permitted to remain among them.

This is especially the case with the *young* and members of my Bible class, numbering nearly 300 when I left the city.

I hope your Lordship will see the reasonableness of this request, the first I have ever made for any position in your diocese or in the church at large.

I simply ask you to let me stay with my dear people and minister to them under proper Episcopal Christianity; to carry on the regular services of the church as prescribed, and supplement them by special efforts such as Bible classes, mission services, etc. Anything in fact by which I may be able to win souls to Christ, and build them up in the faith of the Church of England.

This shall be my effort, God keeping me. And I do earnestly hope for the sake of the souls now waiting my return, to decide as to their future course, whether to remain in or forsake the church, that your Lordship will give this matter the attention it deserves, and see your way to granting my request.

I am, etc.,

H. WILSON.

OTTAWA, Jan. 16th, 1884.

My Dear Dr. Wilson.

Absence from home and the necessity of

obtaining information have prevented an earlier answer to yours of the 7th instant.

Your request is *ultra vires*. I have no power to license you as an evangelist in another priest's parish.

The whole trouble that has arisen in your case has given me more pain than I can express. And I should have written to you as your Father in God, but that I heard on all sides that you declared that the question of your connection with the Salvation Army has now withdrawn from the region of debate or argument.

Your friend Mr. Rainsford's letter has also intensified feeling and made it almost impossible for me to interfere. Praying that you may find a suitable sphere for your talents, I am faithfully yours,

J. T. ONTARIO.

Rev. H. Wilson, D. D.

LAKESWOOD, New Jersey.

My Lord.

Last night I received a letter from the Honorable Mr. Kirkpatrick enclosing one from the Dean to him, and one from yourself to Mr. Carson.

May I give the substance of my reply to Mr. Kirkpatric.

Before doing so, let me, however, explain to your Lordship my silence in the matter of correspondence with yourself.

Last summer a letter from you to the Dean on the subject of my connection with the Army was shown to me in which you distinctly said you could not or would not interfere between the Dean and myself in the matter.

I feel, therefore, it would be useless to appeal to you in the matter, and so I forbade to trouble you about it till the other day when, as I supposed, the severance of my connection with the Cathedral was final and I was once more a clergyman of your diocese without a charge, and asked you the favor contained in the letter, which you no doubt received some days ago.

I hope therefore your Lordship will understand the reason of any silence, and not construe it into any act or intention of disrespect or want of courtesy.

Let me now give you the substance of my letter to Mr. Kirkpatric.

"My Dear Mr. Kirkpatric.

In answer to your kind letter received

last evening, let me say I am most anxious to meet the wishes of the Dean in the matter of the Army as far as possible, without the sacrifice of conscience or principle.

Anything short of that I am willing to do, but that I am sure he will not require of me.

Before stating just what I am prepared to do if reinstated, let me mention one or two facts which will, I hope, show the reasonableness of my side of the question.

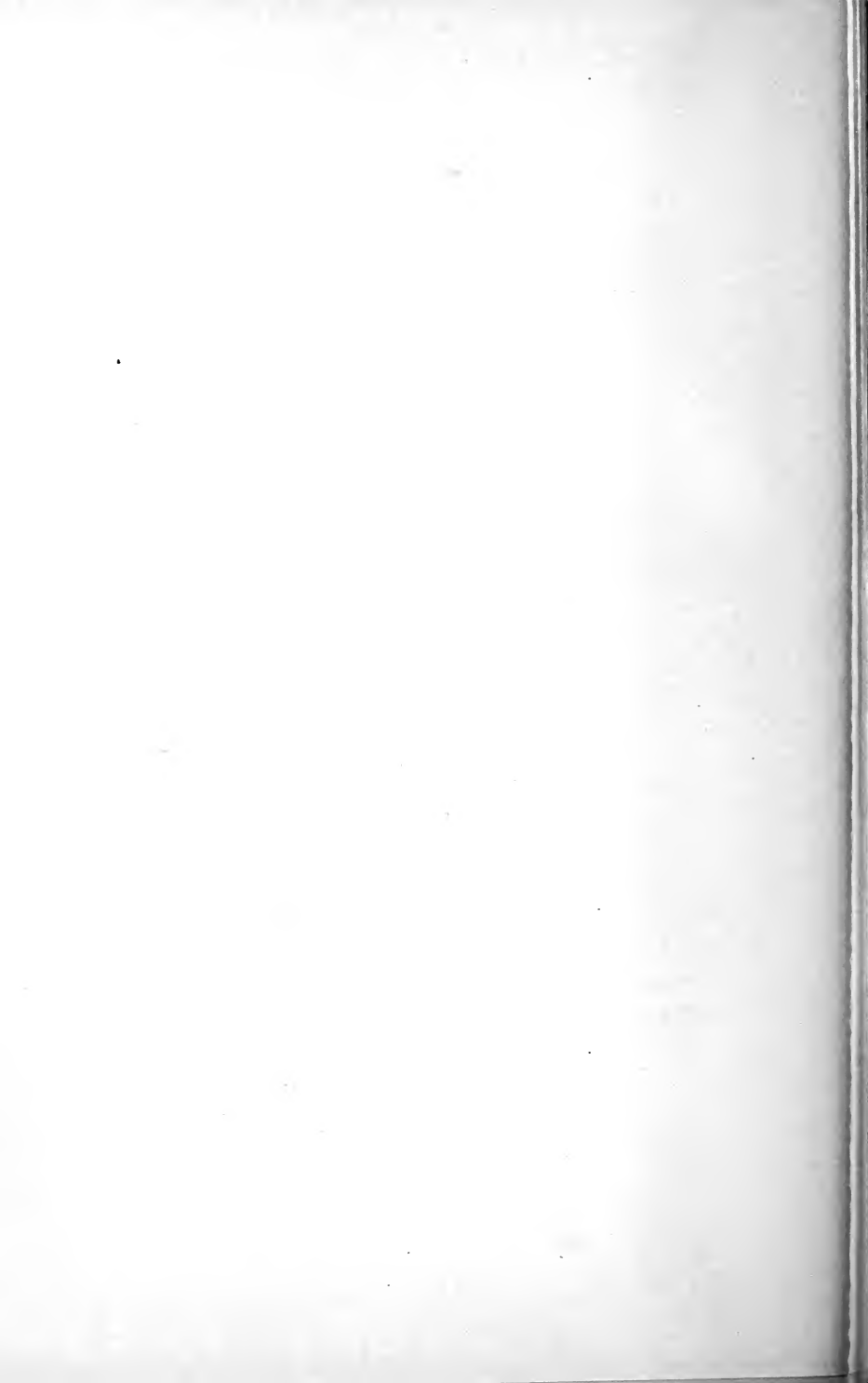
(1) When I made up my mind to take part in the work of the Army, after watching its practical results for some weeks, I told the Dean of my purpose. *He approved of it and said he would stand by me if trouble came.*

(2) As I reported to him from time to time the good results of the movement to the church and the parish, he expressed himself as greatly pleased *and encouraged me to continue my work with it.*

(3) When not long ago about eighty members of the Army, headed by their officers, attended St. George's Cathedral and received the Communion at my invitation, the Dean publicly, from the altar, thanked



"These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes . . . therefore are they before the Throne."



God for their coming and hoped they would come again.

(4) With his permission I read from the chancel a statement showing the very large increase in our communicants and in the Bible class owing to my connection with the Army.

(5) Never had the Dean, either privately or publicly, found fault with me before for my connection with Army, and not until the affair of the all-night meeting, Nov. 18, did he even write to me on the subject.

That was really the first correspondence we had on the subject, and the first intimation that my course of action was displeasing to him.

Now in view of these facts which the Dean, I am sure, will admit, is it not a little unreasonable, that on account of one or two occasions at which things were done which gave great offence, and things which I regret as much as he, but could not well control, he should give me notice of dismissal and insist as the condition of my returning to the Cathedral that I should sever *all* connection with the Army?

He will admit that the Army has done great good to the city and parish. I admit

that on certain occasions things have been said and done which gave great offence to earnest Christians and were painful to me, which I hope will not be repeated.

For any fault or scandal which my presence on those occasions may have caused I am sincerely sorry, and ask the forgiveness of God and those offended. Now my proposition to the Dean is this:

I hereby express my sincere regret for any real offence to God or man which has been given by my connection with the Salvation Army and to show the sincerity of this acknowledgment I hereby promise in case of my return to the Cathedral to abstain from all those *larger demonstrations* of the Army which have given so much offence to many good people, such as the marriages, etc.

I simply claim the privilege of attending when possible, and without interfering with my parish duties proper, the *ordinary* meetings of the Army, especially the Monday and Friday meetings, the first a private meeting of the converts for instruction in God's work, and the second a *holiness* meeting, generally as quiet and orderly as that of a church congregation.

Practically these two will be about the only meetings I shall be able to attend in the week, and they have been so greatly blessed to my own soul and that of hundreds of our own people that I shall be very sorry to miss them.

It shall be remembered also that it is not simply my own good that I have sought at these meetings, but that a large number of our own church people, whom I was never able to reach personally before, and who have testified publicly and privately to the help I have been to them.

Now I do hope that both you and the Dean will see the reasonableness of my position and that he will not press his ultimatum of my severing *all* connection with the Army, but be content with my giving up *that portion* of my connection with it which has given so much offence and allow me to attend those ordinary meetings which he himself will acknowledge have been fruitful in so much good to many of our people."

This, my Lord, is the substance of my letter to Mr. Kirkpatric, and I think you will see that I have met the Dean half way and conceded as much as a man of honor

can for the sake of peace and restoration to my people. I have quoted the words of your letter to Mr. Carson, "If Dr. Wilson promises to avoid," etc., and say *I do this*, and so I hope your Lordship will use your influence with the Dean to agree to the compromise and enable me to return to my work as soon as possible. With every respect, I am, my Lord,

Your faithful servant,

HENRY WILSON.

OTTAWA, Jan. 19.

My Dear Dr. Wilson.

On receipt of yours of the 12th inst. I forwarded it to the rector of Kingston. He replied as follows:

"I do not see the least advantage to be gained on one side or the other by examining details. It simply amounts to this. He will and he won't. Therefore my decision is that he cannot return here as curate of Kingston."

I cannot bring any pressure on your late rector to bring about your reinstatement as curate for many reasons, because I do not see how you can with any self-respect and regard to honor accede to the condition

imposed by the Dean; viz., that you should give up *all* connection with the Salvation Army.

It is not merely that you pledged yourself to "nail your colors to the mast," but that you had a direct revelation from God's Holy Spirit forbidding you to do so; that is, to withdraw from the grotesque in the Army's performances.

I had hoped that you were betrayed into your eccentricity by cerebral excitement which is the verdict of the infidel papers, but I see now that you intend to persevere in the course you have adopted.

Of one thing you may be sure, I am intensely grieved and saddened beyond my power of expression. I am, as ever,

Faithfully yours,

J. T. ONTARIO.

Rev. Henry Wilson.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY,
NEW YORK, Jan. 25.

My Lord.

Your letters of Jan. 16 and 19 seem to close the door against my return to the Cathedral and I suppose to your diocese.

I must therefore ask your Lordship to

give me as soon as convenient my "*Bene Decessit*" that I may obtain a position elsewhere.

As my connection with the diocese will then cease, I beg to resign the position of chaplain to your Lordship.

I am, my Lord, yours faithfully,

HENRY WILSON.

OTTAWA, Feb. 2.

My Dear Dr. Wilson.

I received yours of Jan. 27 with great sorrow and regret that you are still determined to throw in your lot with people capable of such extravagances as those recorded in the Kingston papers of Jan. 28.

I shall send you your "*Bene Decessit*" when you inform me as to the name of the Bishop to whom the document is to be addressed, and the diocese to which you desire to be transferred. I am,

Yours faithfully,

J. T. ONTARIO.

Rev. Henry Wilson.

P. S. I hereby accept your resignation of your office as my chaplain.

J. T. ONTARIO.

TORONTO, Feb. 8.

My Lord.

My purpose after settling my affairs in Kingston next week is to go to New York and be attached to the clerical staff of St. George's Church, under Mr. Rainsford as rector, and the Right Rev. Dr. Potter as assistant Bishop of New York. If your Lordship will therefore have my "*Bene Decessit*" made out in accordance with the above, and will forward it to me to Kingston I shall be much obliged. I am, my Lord,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY WILSON.

Thus the scene closes. Alas, the pathos of it! Picture to yourselves a man of God, who, for conscience' sake, turned his back on all that was dear (and very dear, as his own letters declare) to him and with his two motherless children, left a city full of loyal and heart-broken people (who had no power to work against a system) and faced a dark and uncertain future, and then answer for yourselves the questions so beautifully put in the following verse:

"*Speak History!* Who are Life's heroes?
Unroll thy long annals and say.
Are they those whom the world called the victors
Who won the success of a day,
The Martyrs or Nero, the soldiers who fell at
Thermopylae's tryst, or
The Persians and Xerxes, Pilate or Christ?"

I prefer to draw the veil of silence over what follows till once again I lift it over his bier in the old Cathedral setting a quarter of a century later, and hear the words spoken by the present Dean Farthing in reference to his late career.

He testified to the depths of feeling in the congregation at his death.

"Dr. Wilson has left a *lasting* influence. No matter how much one could disagree with his latter convictions, they could not deny the simple earnestness of his life and the sincerity of his work.

"He had been connected with the Cathedral for eighteen years *and no man has ever left a deeper impress on the spiritual life of the city.*"

Fair praise to honored dust! And if perchance his spirit caught the words "beyond the veil" methinks he looks upon them now and loves them still. And because I thought he did I took him to them that



Yours faithfully
J. C. Partridge



over the little mound of earth, beside his other loved ones, they might pay loving tribute to his precious memory, and I think I might surely add that "were every one to whom he did a loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN ST. GEORGE'S, NEW YORK.

AFTER this sad turn of events Dr. Wilson found in the home and the heart of St. George's rector (Rev. William S. Rainsford, D. D.) the welcome so dear to a man when called upon to say good-bye to all he had loved so dearly heretofore, and if one kind act can be counted as more valuable than another, it must be when it comes in an hour of need, and therefore the generous acceptance of my father as curate in St. George's, New York, made a link of fond fellowship with its rector which was never severed. And even to the end, "Rainsford, the dear fellow," was the term he used in referring to him: and framed at the foot of his bed hung a picture of his handsome rector, "For I like to look at him when I pray for him each morning," my father would say.

For seven years, from the year 1884 till 1891, my father was the head assistant of the clergy house, where the mornings

were often given to the study of Greek and Hebrew with the younger clergy. As a parish visitor Dr. Wilson was invaluable, for having passed through much sorrow himself he knew how to comfort those who themselves were passing through deep waters.

He always said he never was a preacher—that parish visiting was what was most dear to him in church life—getting near the hearts of the people. And truly, he was most fitted for his calling.

On one occasion during a severe illness of Dr. Rainsford he was called upon to preach for nearly a year, and when I pleasantly one day asked him if he were going to FILL Dr. Rainsford's place in the pulpit, with a subtlety quite equal to my suggestion, he smilingly replied, "No, I am only going to rattle around in it."

I modestly suggested that the difference between his and Dr. Rainsford's standing was not a matter of two feet—simply one inch—and no man by taking thought could add one inch to his stature. Therefore from a Biblical point of view he could at least hold his ground, if not his audience.

In the early days of his ministry in St. George's, New York, he made it a point of getting around to see and call on the people. Among the names on his list was one "Potter." Somewhat under the impression that he had heard that name in the theatrical profession, he entered a very beautiful home and met its hostess. After a little time the conversation led in the direction of the home and the church, and my father asked the lady if her good husband attended any church, whereupon this answer was made, that "truly he was not a very regular attendant at any church—he was rather inclined to go around a good deal," and upon my father suggesting that that was not the wisest way of being a good churchman, the conversation ceased with the remark that the lady hoped some day she might introduce her husband.

Imagine my father's surprise and amusement when, accepting an invitation from this same house, he was introduced to the "good husband" as no other than his Bishop, Henry C. Potter, D.D.

Amongst other work done at St. George's was the opening of Avenue A

Mission. For many Sundays my father strove on purely evangelical lines to win this mixed and moving mass of humanity to Christ.

Those were hard fighting days, not unlike the early days of Salvation Army warfare. One's power of leadership was often put to the finest test, if leadership from a mission standpoint means to win, hold and impress a crowd.

Ejaculations of the crowd varied the eloquence of the preacher, and many amusing and sometimes annoying suggestions came from the "pit," if I may use such theatrical language in connection with the type of humanity, and the preacher found it difficult to make heaven real in that smoky atmosphere, for it was only the back of a saloon turned into a mission room, for so many hours on Sunday at first, and the tone of the other life had hardly left it when the meetings were started. To win souls under those circumstances was no ceremonious act. Down with them and down to them, in fact, everything but "down on them," was the attitude in order to reach them. And no doubt when the record is made

up Avenue A will show some fruit, perhaps as yet unseen. My very first insight into work amongst the unfortunate was received from my attendance on Sunday afternoons at those services, and although I have now been an officer in the ranks of the Salvation Army for eighteen years I have no doubt that the first knowledge of the value of that kind of work came to me through what I saw and knew of that effort.

On one occasion my father asked Dr. Rainsford to address the people in the very early days, when the behaviour of the crowd was hardly to be relied on, but as nicely as my father could he suggested that they might be a little careful and somewhat respectful when Dr. Rainsford appeared.

Just what they expected to see in Dr. Rainsford I know not, but when my father politely introduced him, saying, "Now, boys, this is your rector, Dr. Rainsford," with mock humility, they scanned his dignified, stately figure (surmounted by a top hat) and smilingly said to my father, "Now *won't* he be a comfort to his mother when he grows up." A little disconcert-

ing to say the least, to a dignified parson, and an Irishman at that! Whether there were "wigs on the green" at the conclusion of that service I cannot say, but an interested party at the back kept punctuating the sermon with the remark, "What's *he* talking about?"—an unbroken thread of interrogation the sermon through. Like the importunate widow he got what he wanted for asking, but to be very honest, I fear he got more than he bargained for, and I think he'll have to come again to hear the end of that sermon if he still wants to know what it's all about.

My father's talks with the children from the pulpit of St. George's on Saturday morning were sources of great help and blessing to many older people who brought their children, and in a little book entitled "Talks to Children," he put in a concise form the truths contained in those object lessons.

His fondness for children was indescribable. In all his ministry to grown up people he never forgot the children, and even in his summer work at Southampton, Long Island,

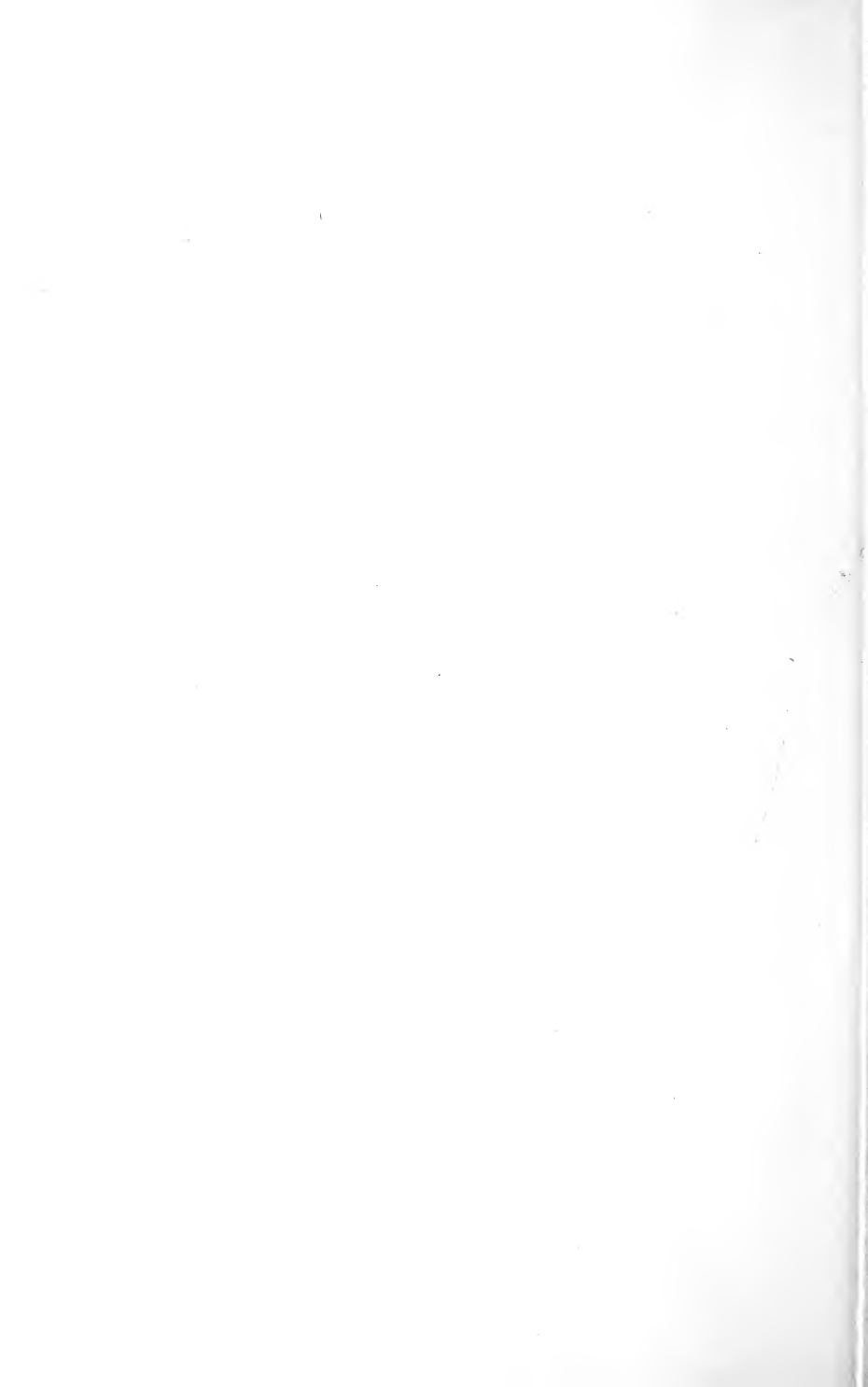
the little Dune Church was open each Sunday of his officiating for an afternoon service in object lesson for the children, and grown men to-day who fill pulpits of different denominations will doubtless recall the helpful and interesting Sunday afternoon talks of Dr. Wilson, when as children they attended his services.

When there came to my father a call from the Gospel Tabernacle Church, New York, he wishing to ally himself with its truths and teachings voluntarily resigned his position in St. George's Church, Dr. Rainsford accepted the resignation, and with hearts as warm and friendship as true, they parted, each to follow his light, with a mutual respect for the convictions of the other and a brotherly feeling to the end.

Life in the clergy house was made doubly delightful by the presence of his co-worker, Rev. Lindsay Parker, whose Irish wit and good humor were of untold worth in hard and difficult parish work, and when I say they had a mutual admiration for each other I shall have to ask you to read further on the tribute of this dear friend, and for my part say, he (father) loved him as a brother.



REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD.



Those were days of much happiness, usefulness and blessedness in my father's life. We were being educated at Bishop Strachan's School in Toronto and our vacations were spent in New York. So the home life of the clergy was known to us and Mr. Parker was ever the center of merriment and cheerfulness. Fitting, indeed, that he should have been the one to pronounce the solemn and beautiful service over his silent form.

My father was ever a ready helper to all organizations, and to individuals particularly. His love for the Army continued right through to the end. It was in the early days of his St. George's ministry that the Army was little known to the more cultured and wealthy classes and when a note from the leaders at that time came to him, requesting that with his influence he might do something in the way of introducing its principles and its leaders to this community after consulting with his rector, Dr. Rainsford kindly opened the drawing room of his rectory in 16th St., to the leader of the organization, and with this simple opening the entrée to a wider sphere of usefulness was

given, and to-day the Army has made and kept friends who otherwise might never have known of its work.

That was the first drawing room meeting I had ever attended, and it had its results at least in my case, if not in many others.

Dr. Wilson was ever a man of principle. No amount of personality or individuality ever took his eyes off the great basic principles on which the organization was founded. His profound respect for the sincere Salvationist never changed and when, after sixteen years of service on my part in its ranks, he stood with me on the spot where I had first given myself to God, he repeated emphatically that in the giving of me to its service he had no regrets, and publicly stated he believed I would be kept faithful to the end. He believed wholly in its principles and those who lived up to them found in him an ever ready friend, and those who were untrue he pityingly prayed for and endeavored to win them again to their highest calling.

His prayers were sought even by those who, like himself, were busily en-

gaged in God's service, I quote from a letter showing their confidence in him.

"To me there is no more perplexing situation than one in which strength does not keep pace with spirit. Yet it is an unanswered question to me how much God's hand may not be outstretched in this mystery of pain. However, I have the greatest confidence in your faith and in your prayers and in your ability to lay petitions before Almighty aid, and when, seeing your daughter, I could not refrain from sending you the request for your remembrance and your prayer. Although it is much easier for me to believe for others than for myself, especially where my own comfort and well being is concerned, yet I feel sure if it is God's will for me your prayers will be answered in my physical strengthening and helping."

In the event of a great sorrow General Booth wrote my father personally. He says, "Yes, indeed, it has been a great sorrow, but I try to get above it, for He knows all about it, and nothing happens to either you or me outside His appointment or permission. It has been a great mystery throughout and is a mystery

still, but I have been greatly cheered by the steadfastness of my comrades, and many outside our ranks I know have not seen reason to doubt either my own truth and honor or the principles on which the Army is founded.

"It is probable I shall have the great pleasure of meeting you in the fall. Till then, or till we meet before the throne, believe me, dear Doctor, and dear friend, to be yours faithfully and affectionately,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

And the last picture I have before me of the meeting and parting of these two good men was when on the General's recent visit to America (1907) from the public platform of the Carnegie Hall, my father's hand was raised and voice uplifted in holy benediction over the bowed and silvered head of the old Christian soldier. Truly a fitting close, methinks, to the end of an earthly scene, till the dawn of the brighter day, and the welcome home beyond.

The General ever remembered my father's brave stand for the Army principles and on one or two occasions when he met my father again and people under-

took to jog the General's memory as to my father's personality, the General used to say, "He needs no introduction, I know him of old."

Colonel Cox, a leading officer for many years in the ranks of the Army, writes as follows on my father's character:

"Those who attended the funeral service of the Army's dear friend, Dr. Henry Wilson, heard, among other characteristics, the Doctor's faculty for denouncing hypocrisy and sham and sin in general, to balance which he possessed to an almost infinite degree the capacity of loving and helping the sinner and returning prodigal when true repentance had set in. This balance must be preserved in the Christian life. Christ Himself is our Exemplar in the matter.

"His earthly ministry was filled with conspicuous illustrations, scathing denunciation, in which such phrases as 'den of vipers' was not thought too extreme for use, and in which a whip-cord was also introduced on one occasion to lend force to the Saviour's words. But oh! what infinite tenderness and compassion he displayed toward the repentant sinner. In

condemning, the Saviour's rod was one of iron; in consoling His compassion was greater than even woman possesses. What a wonderful combination!"

The Salvation Army was represented at Dr. Wilson's funeral service by Colonels McIntyre, Cox, Margetts, and Rheinhardson; Brigadiers Lamb, Atkinson and Mrs. Bovill, and other officers.

Colonel Cox refers to my father's death in the following paragraph:

"The sad news of the sudden death of that saintly character and well-known friend of the Salvation Army, Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson, will come with a shock to many of our readers. As a spiritual teacher and expounder of pure evangelical truth Dr. Wilson's name was revered on more than one continent.

"The doctor was never tired of witnessing to the spiritual blessing that came to him through attending Army meetings in the early days of the fight at Kingston, Ont., while connected with the Episcopal Church in that Canadian city. Both at that time and during the many years that have elapsed since his coming to the United States, the doctor has shown in a

thousand ways the high regard he has entertained for the work of our organization and for its workers. It was his privilege to enjoy the friendship of many of the leading officers, from the General and Commander down, and the Army, together with the Christian world at large, has sustained in his death a severe loss.

"The doctor was taken ill while attending a religious convention at Atlanta, Ga., on Thursday, February 13th. Pneumonia rapidly set in, and at midnight, before his daughters could reach him, he had passed away to his eternal reward.

"To the daughters, one of whom, Ensign Madele Wilson, has for many years been an officer in our ranks, and to the other bereaved relatives, we tender our sincerest sympathy, and ask for the prayers of our comrades everywhere."

And now we shall look upon his last field of service, and trace how God honors men who dare stand up for the highest truths in a skeptical and material age, and learn that to such souls rare treasure is given—"treasure in heaven."

I can but think of my father when I recall the beautiful legend which tells of a

saintly man who was greatly beloved of the angels, who had seen much of his godly life on earth.

The angels often asked God to give this man some new power, some mark of the Divine favor, some gift which would make him more useful.

They were told to see the man and ask him what special power he would like to have.

The angels came and asked him what gift he would choose that God might bestow upon him.

He said he was content and wanted nothing more.

They continued to urge him to choose something which God might do for him or give to him.

Would he not like to have the power to perform miracles? He said, No! that was Christ's work. Would he not like to lead a great many souls to Christ? He answered, No! for it was the work of the Holy Spirit to convert souls.

The angels still begged him to name something which they might ask God to grant him. He answered at last that if he made a choice he would like power to



REV. LINDSAY PARKER.



do a great deal of good among men without even knowing it. So it was from that day his shadow, when it fell behind him where he could not see it, had wonderful healing power, but when it fell before him where he could see it, it had no such power.

"This is the spirit of true holiness, nothing of self, everything for God. One who has learned this lesson is ready for noble service. God loves to use the life that will keep itself out of sight and only honor Him." (J. R. MILLER, D.D.)

A beautiful legend, truly, and one, I think, that aptly fits my father's beautiful personality.

CHAPTER V.

HENRY WILSON AND THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.

DR. WILSON'S experience of healing brought him into close touch with the movement which had already begun to take form in New York City and throughout the country, and which was destined to grow to larger proportions than either he or the founder of the movement could have realized. The blessing that had come to him in connection with the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, had already reached far and wide, and there were many calls for the leaders in the work to visit various parts of the country and hold conventions for the teaching of these deeper truths. In order to prevent the work from becoming identified with the name and personality of any leader, in the year 1887 it was organized under two charters, namely, "The Christian Alliance," and "The International Missionary Alliance," which were afterwards incorporated, in the year 1897, as

"The Christian and Missionary Alliance." This movement has always had a twofold character, spiritual and missionary. It has stood for a deeper Christian life and a more aggressive work for the neglected classes in this and other lands.

Into this movement from the beginning Dr. Wilson threw his whole heart and influence. The truth of Divine Healing, which had brought such blessing to him, was but a straw upon the stronger current of truth and life which the Alliance represented and which he sometimes happily expressed as "a whole Christ for the whole man—spirit, soul and body." Along with John Cookman, Mr. Simpson and many others, Dr. Wilson united with the new society and became one of its incorporators and officers. It was in no sense a sectarian or denominational movement, requiring its promoters or members to withdraw from their regular church connections, but a fraternal union of Christians of all evangelical denominations. Therefore it brought about no rupture in his ecclesiastical relations at the time, but he still continued to minister in association with Dr. Rainsford in St. George's

great parish, and to visit the Tabernacle and the Alliance conventions at his convenience. In this and in his subsequent and closer connection with the Tabernacle, as one of its regular pastors, he always had a perfect understanding with his ecclesiastical superiors in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and acted to the close of his life with the full consent of the late Bishop Potter, who treated him in the most considerate and Christian spirit. From the very beginning he was the President of the International Missionary Alliance, and under his oversight several hundred of our first and best missionaries went forth to various foreign fields.

In the year 1891 he was cordially invited to become the associate pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle Church, New York, 44th Street and Eighth Avenue, the senior pastor's public duties in connection with the work of the Alliance making it imperative that he should have a coadjutor. Here for about ten years his faithful and affectionate ministrations continued until he was called to the larger ministry of Field Superintendent of the

work of the Alliance at large in this country. Dr. Wilson gave at the Commemoration services of the Quarter Centennial of the Gospel Tabernacle, one year before his death, the following touching reminiscence:

“An old theatre, transformed into a Christian place of worship, an earnest man preaching the Fourfold Gospel, behind him in gold letters on the wall the text ‘The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty.’ Before him a group of people listening intently to every word uttered. Among them a minister, happy in soul, but sick in body, drinking in the message full of a truth he needed greatly, but which he had never heard before. A few more meetings with more such teaching and the sick man kneels at the altar rail, is anointed for healing, and passes out into a new life of victory over disease which has been continuous without a break for more than twenty-three years. Seven years and a half of service in a great church made easy by the indwelling of a living Christ in soul and body. Then, in October, 1891, the work of associate

pastor in the Tabernacle, began, and with it a life of increased blessedness in going from house to house in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, among the young and old, endeavoring to fulfil the Lord's command to His restored disciple, "Feed My lambs. Feed My sheep. Shepherd My flock." The joy of this service can never be expressed in words, but the sick man healed still lives to praise God for the privilege of 'living and giving' his best to the scattered members of the Tabernacle congregation, and of comforting those in any trouble with the comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted of God."

One would naturally ask, What were the considerations that could induce a man of such wide culture, such great usefulness in his own beloved denomination, and such Christian intelligence and loyalty to Christ and His Word, to take such a decisive step at a critical period of his life, leading to his withdrawal from so many of the most hallowed associations of his past life and his devoting his best years to a work that as yet was not popu-

lar in the religious world, and could offer him few inducements on the score of personal advantage or aggrandizement? This necessarily leads to a brief examination of the principles of the Alliance movement which possessed for his heart so compelling an attraction.

During the past quarter of a century the Church of God has been deeply stirred by various movements looking to a higher standard of spiritual life. Among these have been the great movement of Charles Finney some years before, the various holiness movements of the past generation, the Keswick movement, which began about this time in Dr. Wilson's life, and the testimony of the Salvation Army, with which he had been so closely associated, on the subject of Scriptural holiness. Dr. Wilson discovered in the Alliance movement a vein of truth in this connection which seemed to him to touch a higher level and possess a more attractive quality than any other teaching. We cannot better express the way in which this line of truth impressed him, than by some quotations from his own felicitous testimonies and writings. It will be

seen from these that the kind of holiness which Dr. Wilson claimed and taught was not self-perfection, nor even an experience of mere cleansing, so much as a revelation of and identification with the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, which made it literally true, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." In one word, it was not the self-life, but the Christ-life.

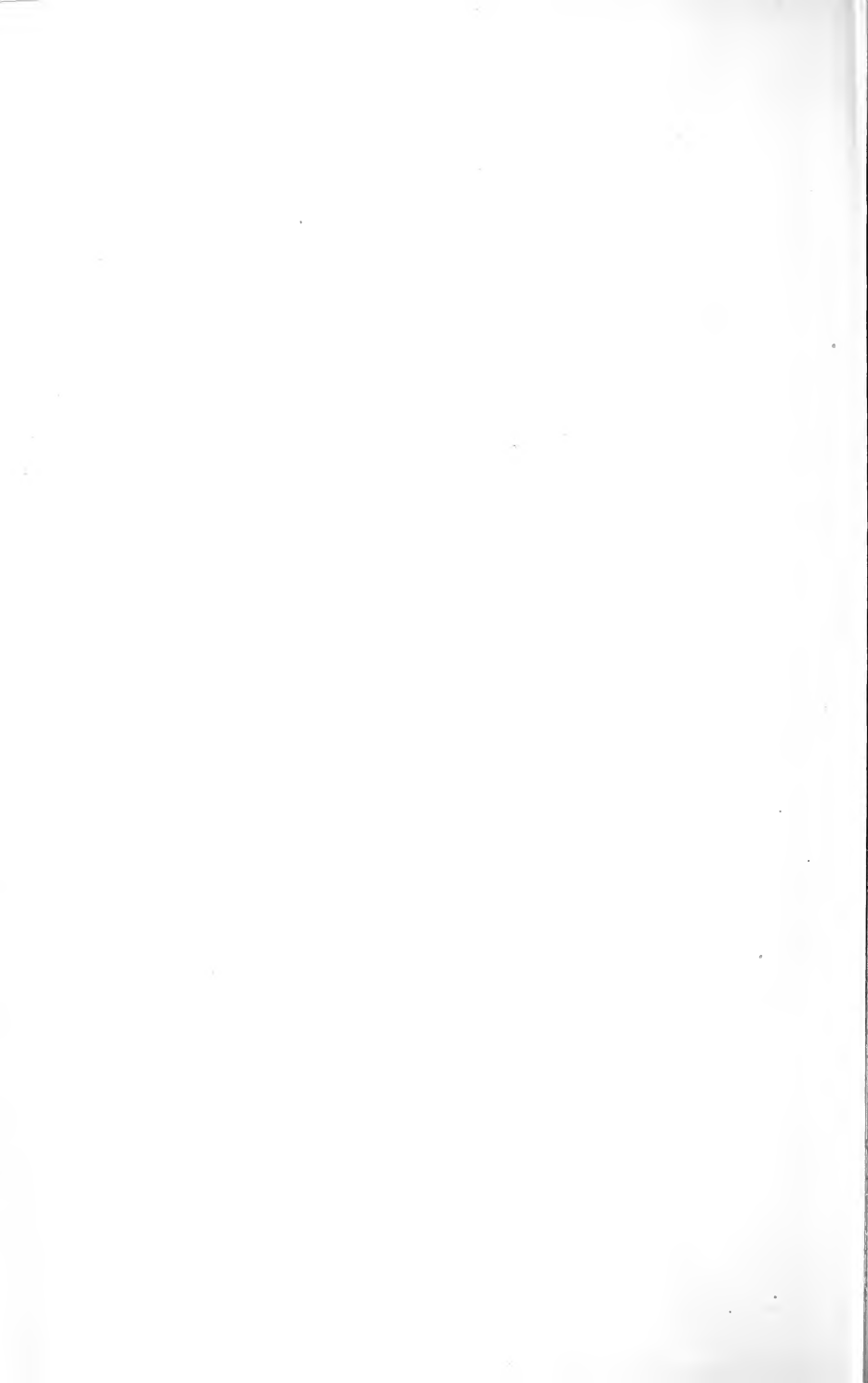
"To the average Protestant it is the 'Historic Christ,' as the phrase is, in all the beauty of His moral character, charming the mind, if not warming the heart of Christendom; 'chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely.'

"To the devout Catholic it is the presence of the body of the Crucified Jesus, to be (1) worshipped, and (2) partaken of, under the 'species,' as the word is, of bread and wine.

"But even among Christians who profess to have gone farther than the 'Historic Christ' school, and much farther than those who hold the 'real presence' in the sacrament, the tide of 'devotion,' to use again the word of the schools, hardly rises higher than the teaching of the fa-



DR. WILSON WITH A GROUP OF WORKERS AT OLD ORCHARD, ME.



mous book of à Kempis. **There** are holiness movements of to-day headed by noble men of God ; led by profound students of the Word ; taught by great preachers of entire sanctification and holy living, which at their highest point seldom pass beyond the idea of an external Christ, calling and charming us to follow Him, and by following become like Him.

“But surely there is something more than this in Christ for the lowly soul and the believing heart.

“Three words similar in sound may also serve to accent the difference in degree, if not in kind, between these modes of presenting ‘the truth as it is in Jesus’—imitation, inspiration, incarnation in Christ.

“Incarnations and reincarnations are words much used these days and in various senses. To us as Bible Christians the only incarnation worthy of the name is that which took place in Bethlehem of Judea nearly two thousand years ago, and the only reincarnation in which we believe is that which takes place in the heart first and then in the life of all who are ‘born from above’ in the sense in which

Jesus used the words to Nicodemus in the third chapter of St. John; Christmas day repeated daily in human lives; Christ re-born, reincarnated in lowly hearts and yielded bodies; the whole Christ in the whole man

‘A living, bright reality,’

the soul filled with His soul, the mind with His mind, the body with His body, to the exclusion of all from each part of us that is not God and God-like.

“It is no longer my mind, my mentality, trying to grasp and climb the rungs of the ladder of right thinking, and often falling back in nervous prostration and paresis, through the overstrain upon the mental faculties. It is the mind of Christ (I. Cor. ii. 16); His mind not only living and thinking in me, but energizing and vitalizing every department of my make-up—memory, imagination, purpose, plan, fore-thinking and after-thinking, prospect and retrospect, all alight and aflame with ‘thoughts that breathe,’ and soon finding utterance in ‘words that burn.’”

This intense realization of the living

Christ inevitably led to a physical experience just as distinct and divine as the profound internal experience already described. Therefore Divine Healing with him speedily passed from the phase of an incident to a great habit and law of his being. It ceased to be a mere healing, and became a divine life. Here again we are happily able to express his convictions and experiences in his own striking language. Writing three years before his death, he said:

"If attaining one's majority gives a right to speak and act as not before, then this privilege is mine to-day, to say a few plain words as to what Divine Healing is after twenty-one years of unbroken peace and joy in believing in and living out the life also of Jesus in this mortal body.

"First then, after twenty-one years Divine Healing is to me the incoming and indwelling of a new personality. It is a new man inside of the old, making the old new by this simple fact. It is texts of Scripture turned into fact. It is the words 'Christ in you' (Col. i. 27) made flesh and blood and bone and tissue. 'Christ dwelling in your heart by faith' (Eph. iii. 17) passes

from the page of the book into the heart and nerve centers of the man.

"Second, as a direct consequence of the first, Divine Healing is the continuous inflow of a river of life into our whole being from the indwelling body of Jesus Christ. The words of Isaiah lviii. 11 pass into fact. 'He shall make fat thy bones. Thy soul shall be like a watered garden and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.'

"Divine Healing is to me after twenty-one years of experience the continuous overflow into the body and life of Jesus already in the soul and spirit. Hence, Divine Healing, when thus understood, is a victorious life for the body. Not exemption from pain and sickness at all times, any more than the soul and spirit are at all times free from temptation, but victory over pain and sickness, but the continuous and overmastering inflow of the life of the Lord."

We quote again from a letter to a friend:

"Divine Healing is simply Divine Health; that is, God's health infused into us, physically as well as spiritually, and

making "the temple of the Holy Ghost" as HEALTHY as it is HOLY. Holiness and health are simply different forms of the same thing, viz., God, the Holy and the Healthy One, filling the vessel He has made with Himself, and so full that sin and sickness, twin sisters of darkness, cannot stay in the same house with God, who is Light, and in whom there is no darkness at all.

"The center and source of this divine health is the Lord Jesus Christ, now at the right hand of God, in His glorified humanity, like the sun in the center of the universe. The medium by whom this glorified humanity passes into ours is the Holy Ghost—the breath of God—the air of heaven, like the atmosphere surrounding our earth and transmitting to it the light and life-giving powers of the sun in the heavens. This is the A, B, C of Divine Healing.

"Let me give you four texts which have become flesh and bones and tissue and nerve-matter to me for over twenty-three years. Ask the Holy Spirit to translate them into flesh and blood for you and you will rise out of your weakness and misery

as surely as the sun rises tomorrow morning, or the little flower rises out of the dark, cold earth into the life-giving sunshine of these lovely spring days.

The first is:

"Christ in you" (Col. i. 27). By a supreme act of faith, realize those three little words as true for your body, and you will not lie under the power of disease twenty-four hours.

The second is:

"Christ liveth in me" (Gal. xi. 20). Make that true for your body by the faith of God, and disease must flee from the temple of the Holy Ghost as surely and as quickly as the fog lifts from the river in the light of the morning sun.

The third is:

"Greater is He that is in you than He that is in the world" (I. John iv. 4). Take this verity of God into the citadel of your being and 'Giant Despair,' with all his horrible brood of dark-faced children, will become a 'pigmy' at whom you can laugh in confident triumph till your life work is done.

The fourth is:

"The Lord thy God in the midst of

thee is mighty' (Zephaniah iii. 17). This was the text that first flashed the truth of Divine Healing into my mind and worn-out body nearly a quarter of a century ago. It is still the door, wide open more than ever, through which the living Christ passes moment by moment into my redeemed body, filling, energizing, vitalizing it with the Presence and Power of His own personality, turning my whole being into 'a new heaven and a new earth,' each in living contact with the other, for there is 'no more sea.'

"This one text from Zephaniah, and it is only the first part of the verse, gives five foundation stones for Divine Healing on which you can rest your weary feet and your whole being with perfect assurance.

"First—'The Lord thy God.' Thy God. My God. Then all that is in God Almighty is mine and in me just so far as I am able and willing to appropriate Him and all that belongs to Him.

"Second—This God, 'Mighty,' ALL Mighty God, is our INSIDE God. He is, as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, 'in the midst of me' just as really as the sun is in the

center of the heavens, or like a great dynamo in the center of the power-house of my threefold being.

"Third—He is in the midst, at the centre of my physical body. Hence my heart will be always steady and strong in its action, and 'heart failure' in any sense will be unknown to me.

"Fourth—He is in the midst of my brain, and every atom of the gray matter composing my mental plant will be a centre of mental health and activity, like 'the mind of Christ' (I. Cor. ii. 16). Make this fact real to yourself by the Holy Spirit and mental fatigue, brain fag, worry, melancholia and the care that kills will pass away like a nightmare in the fresh light of your waking hour.

"Fifth—He is 'in the midst' of my nerve centers. Once that becomes a fact to you and in you, all the horrible experiences of nervous exhaustion, nervous depression, and its dreadful child, 'Nervous Prostration,' must die by the sheer force of a new nervous vitality, touching the spinal marrow and all the various sources of nervous force in our mortal body. Sanatoriums would soon be emptied, asylums

would cease to exist, hospitals would go out of business, if these simple truths of God's Word were only realized and received into the bodies and souls of one-half of us who profess to take the whole Bible as the Word of God and believed as we say so often, from cover to cover."

Space will not permit us to follow the religious views of our beloved brother into the further region of pre-millennial truth, which is one of the testimonies of the Alliance. Suffice it to say that he cordially embraced the blessed Hope of the personal coming of the Lord Jesus Christ and often spoke of it with fervor and deep solemnity. How often have we heard him close a testimony or a prayer with the beautiful lines:

"Oh, come, and take away
The sin, the shame, the pain,
And make this blighted world of ours,
Thine own fair world again."

For the last seven years of his life Dr. Wilson was engaged in the larger work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance as its Senior Field Superintendent. His du-

ties called him to spend at least half his time in long and often trying journeys in every part of the United States and Canada. He traveled tens of thousands of miles every year and visited scores of cities, towns and villages from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Florida. Often he was exposed to inclement weather, railway breakdowns, damp and cold rooms, irregular living and fatiguing labors. But he was always the same radiant and rejoicing example of the victorious life which he so beautifully portrayed. In a sense the world became his parish and there is no section of the country from which since his passing home the most touching tributes have not come to his character and usefulness to those to whom he was made a blessing. His peculiar gifts as a teacher, his charm as a man, his attractive and courteous manners, and his large-hearted Christian catholicity commended the work which he represented to all classes of Christians and all sections of the church and made him a connecting link between these deeper truths, and many influential individuals and families in the most exclusive social

and ecclesiastical circles who could possibly have been reached in no other way. He was just as willing to go to the smallest village or the humblest branch of the Alliance as to a great popular assembly or a formal church service. He died in the harness of his chosen ministry, while attending a convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in the city of Atlanta, and trying to force himself in spite of all the symptoms of approaching illness to meet his appointments and finish his work. We must reserve to another chapter his connection with the missionary work of the Alliance which was so dear to his heart and so indebted to his ministry.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY WILSON AND THE CHILDREN.

THE simplicity of Dr. Wilson's character made him the natural friend of the children. "B. B. B.," he loved to call himself, their Big Baby Brother, and one whoever saw him romping among a group of children could never doubt that he was really a grown-up boy. His work among the children was no mere studied professionalism. It grew out of an innate love and intuition which made him gravitate to them and them to him. He could scarcely sit on a public platform and behave himself if there were a number of little folks in the audience. He was almost sure to be caught making signals to them, laughing aloud in happy self-forgetfulness, or holding three or four of them on his knee. Very early in his ministry among us he found himself drawn into a distinct children's work. Long ago a quiet, modest lady amongst us, with a peculiar gift for a very high-class of children's work, organized a little

class known as the King's Children, and it was not long till Dr. Wilson was a moving spirit among them. This lady, Miss Brickensteen, writes the following beautiful testimony concerning his work in this connection:

"When I began the work of the band, Dr. Wilson was a great factor in making all my plans and lessons attractive—a father to us all. He loved all children, but the King's Children seemed to be sealed as the 'inner circle.' In his busy life as pastor he was a frequent visitor of ours on Saturday mornings. I used to wonder where he found the time, but he said it rested him if he could but give a few minutes before making his pastoral calls.

"He was always natural and enjoyed their naturalness. He would talk with them and enjoyed nothing better than a good laugh. I thought too much so, when we had lessons on hand. But he would always close with a sweet prayer which was so helpful. The children were always impressed, and I noticed they would use his very words to express themselves in their little prayers.

"He told them many stories which they never forgot, and he loved to sing with them. The colored children were his special delight. There was a great depth and breadth about him—so true—which children always detect. They used to write on the blackboard in large letters where he would be sure to read it when he prepared his next Sunday's lesson for the Sunday school, 'I love Dr. Wilson.' One of them once wrote, 'I love Dr. Wilson next to God.' And I overheard her little neighbor remark, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself; you ought to love your mother next to God.' The King's Children, you see, are naturally orthodox. The way Dr. Wilson handled children was an inspiration—so genuine and so graceful. Yes, the King's Children consider it the privilege of their lives to have been so closely associated with him."

Many of these children have since grown up, and at a simple memorial service held at a late convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in New York City, several of them gave modest

and striking testimonies of what Dr. Wilson had been to them. We are glad to quote a few of these memorial messages.

"Our friends in the audience, who have listened so many years to the missionary lessons given by us, will appreciate our change of program at this time, whilst a few of the older members representing the band take for our subject,—dear Dr. Wilson's life and work amongst the children as we remember our devoted friend.

"How he loved us, and how much we loved him! And how privileged we were to have been so closely associated with him!

"Many years ago, when our band of King's Children was formed, he was a great help to our leader in inspiring us with a love for the lost world, and sending out the message of salvation.

"To-day we feel very lonely without him; we miss his smile of encouragement and his hearty response from this platform, where he never failed to preside.

"Jesus must have been homesick without him, so he was promoted to minister among the children around the throne.

"Here on earth he was chosen of God to stand at the front of the battle. His earnest prayers and spiritual talks always helped people; his sympathy, too, and the comfort he dispensed wherever he went. He was the welcome guest in every home, and one of the foremost workers at conventions, giving God all the glory; for the meek and lowly Jesus was his Companion all the day."

"But in his work among children Dr. Wilson was pre-eminent, deepening and moulding their lives for Jesus.

"One of the sweetest pictures we ever saw on this platform in connection with our work, was the dedication of two babies to the cause of missions; Dr. Wilson, in perfect bliss, holding in one arm a dear little white baby boy, and in the other a black one,—praying that their interest in sending the Gospel might begin in their cradles.

"In the early days of our band Dr. Wilson was a frequent visitor at our services. The very sight of him as he opened the door of Berachah Chapel was hailed with delight by teacher and scholar. It was the

event of the day to us, and it seemed as if he loved the very atmosphere that the children breathed.

"His first question would be: 'What have my children been learning?' Then we were all placed in line, and answered questions on the fourfold gospel or missionary lessons. Everything that we said seemed to charm him (mistakes included). He was always stirred when the little colored girls shouted in their native style: 'Let the blessed sunshine in.' He appreciated the naturalness which our teacher encouraged in children.

"At the close of his visit he would lead in earnest prayer; and on our knees we would sing with him:

"Give me a heart like Thine,
Give me a heart like Thine,
By Thy wonderful power,
By Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine.'"

"As children we remember Dr. Wilson leading a very holy life, not grieving the Holy Spirit. He loved Jesus, he lived for Jesus, and he worked for Jesus—warning sinners and inviting them to come to the Saviour. He always emphasized that Jesus' blood alone could save."

"Dear Dr. Wilson had a passion for souls, especially the souls of the children, and we who have now grown up and accepted Christ in His fulness realize that those gatherings for prayer have been answered. And now on this day when he always led our service in Jesus' name, we feel his spirit is here whilst he is yonder drinking in the fulness of Jesus."

"Since the early days of our band which my friends have been describing, Dr. Wilson took up a more extended work among children, speaking for Jesus and influencing the lives of little ones from Maine to California and from Canada to Florida, reaching them by thousands not only by his presence, which was always an uplift, but by his timely messages in the children's page of the Alliance paper."

The following testimony reaches us from the Pacific Coast:

"I joined Dr. Wilson's Bible School when I was only seven years old. Then I used to hunt up the questions in the Concordance. Some of them were difficult, so that I studied the Bible a great deal. I can see now how it helped me, for in studying the Bible when we are young, we will not

forget when we are older. I am sure that he wants us to keep in mind all the beautiful verses and passages which we learned, and to live by them.

"Dr. Wilson also gave grand talks, and was so happy and cheerful. I want always to live the same, so that others will see I have something in my heart that keeps me happy all the time.

"I am sure we shall never know all the good that Dr. Wilson did until we get to heaven, where there will be a great number of children as stars in his crown. He helped me to a higher life for Jesus."

"What a radiant life we have to remember in dear Dr. Wilson! Yes, as our 'California Pink' has said: he was the happiest Christian we ever saw, and how we shall always treasure the memory of his little altar services in which he was the central figure surrounded by a group of kneeling children, consecrating their lives to Jesus. He was our fragrant 'Lily of the Valley' in the garden of King's Lilies, whose 'blossoms' told the story of salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"His last offering to Jesus was a chil-

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dren's service in Atlanta, Ga., shortly before he was called home.

"His failing strength would scarcely permit him to be present at this gathering, and friends tried to dissuade him from going, but he answered: 'I MUST go; the children are waiting for me.'

"From that time his hours here on earth were numbered, the angels were waiting for him as he sweetly fell into the arms of Jesus. Those who ministered at his bedside said that it was a benediction to be near and witness this blessed translation into glory. His farewell song, as he was passing away amid heavenly visions, was:

" 'Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.'

" 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' "

His children's meetings, which formed a feature of every convention that he attended, were veritable object lessons of a kind of kindergarten work not to be found in the manuals. It was a great sight to see him climbing a step ladder before his juvenile audience, or getting some of the

boys to climb it and then leap into his arms, as an illustration of faith. Sometimes he would illustrate the innate depravity of human nature and the unwillingness of sinners to accept the free grace of God without paying something for it, by offering a quarter to any boy in the audience that would come up and take it. Sometimes his ideas of human depravity went wrong and he found no lack of readiness on the part of the average American boy to take a quarter for nothing, and he would laugh vociferously, as he told afterwards how he had lost his quarter.

For many years he published a weekly children's talk in the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and no matter where he happened to be he never forgot to prepare copy and send on the weekly page of B. B. B. It was quite remarkable how he took advantage of every place he happened to be and of current happenings in the great world to find new themes around which to string his little pearls of Bible texts, fatherly teachings and amusing incidents to the delight and profit of his little parish on paper. This led to a

wide correspondence between him and the little ones, and they have sorely missed him since that wild winter day in February, 1908, when his spirit took its flight to join the ranks of myriads of glorified children above.

A striking children's book, "Bible Lamps for Little Feet," has been compiled by Dr. Wilson himself, and widely circulated. It consists largely of selections from his children's talks. A second volume of similar character, compiled by his daughter, is now in press, and will, we are sure, be one of the most prized souvenirs of this gifted friend of the little children.

For many years he officiated as superintendent of the Gospel Tabernacle Sunday school, and every Sabbath afternoon he had some unique and new message for his little friends. His work among the children took a very practical shape. One of the most important departments of our missionary work in India for many years has been the care of more than a thousand famine orphans. Their pathetic needs very soon found a generous response in Dr. Wilson's loving heart, and he lost no

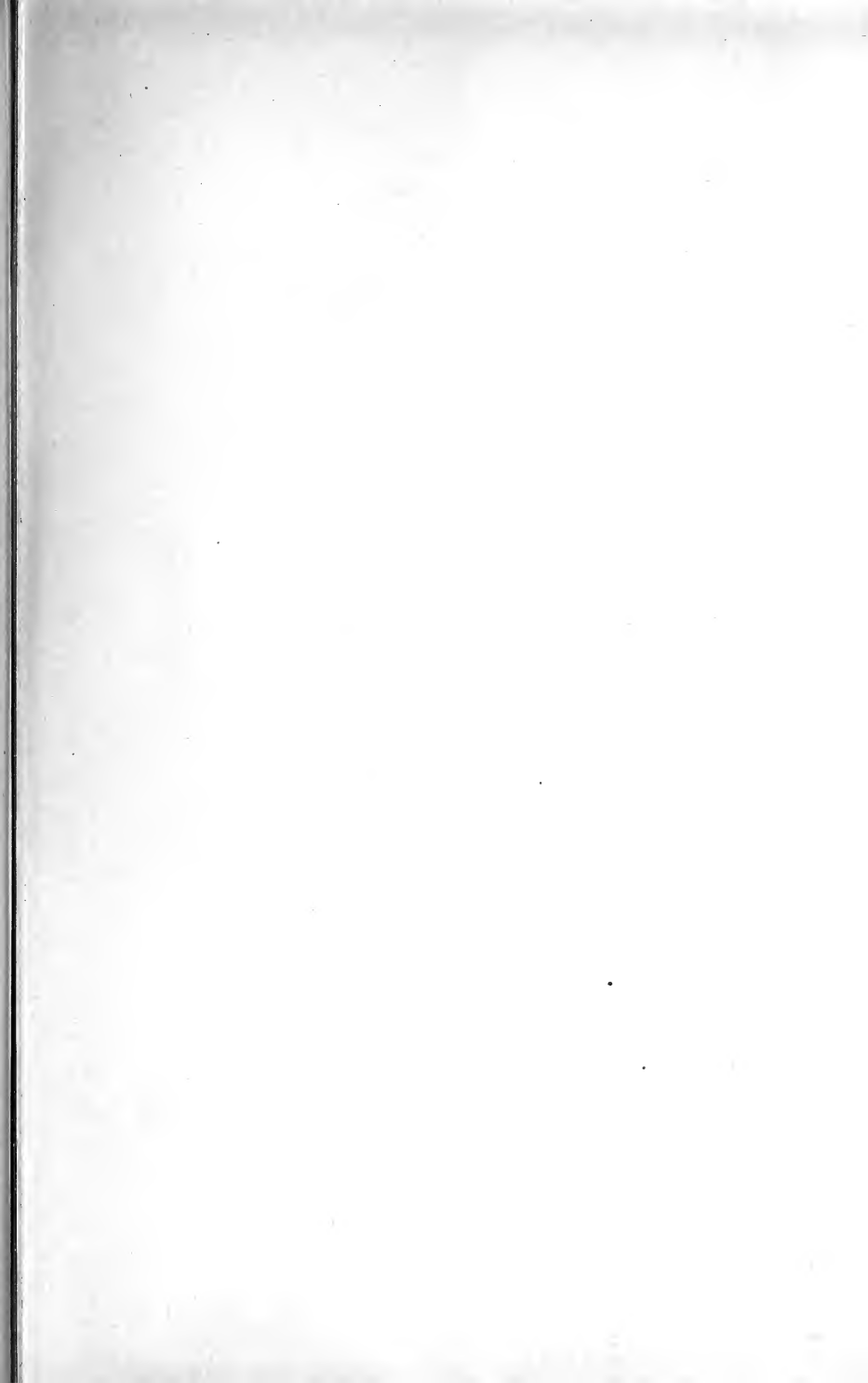
opportunity of interesting his juvenile friends in praying and caring for the little brown babies across the sea, as he loved to call them. He took regular collections at his children's meetings for this fund and himself became responsible during the last several years of his life for the support of one hundred of them, securing the money from the children of his various classes, and faithfully meeting his annual pledge of \$1,500.00. He gathered together a large number of the most simple and touching children's songs, many of them missionary songs, and it was beautiful to hear him singing with his little flock,

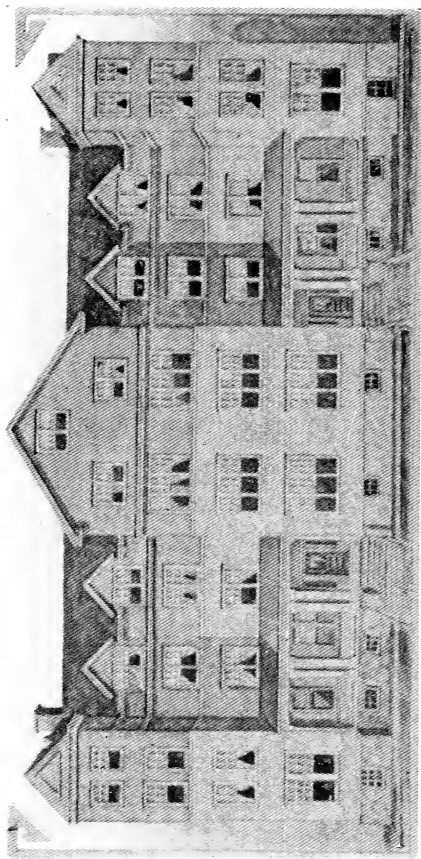
"Jesus loves the little children,
All the children of the world,
Brown and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in His sight.
Jesus loves the little children of the world."

Dr. Wilson's love to the children reached its culmination in a prayerful and at length successful enterprise in which he was a leading spirit to found in connection with the Christian and Missionary Alliance, a school at Nyack for our younger boys and girls where the Missionary

Institute has already stood for so many years, for the Biblical and missionary training for those of maturer years. About a year and a half before his death he had the joy of seeing this school at length actually opened and a preliminary building erected for its first classes. He was the first President of the Nyack Seminary and loyally and well did he fulfil his trust. He was present at the opening of the school in 1906 and 1907 and at the first Commencement in 1907. He was chiefly instrumental in the preparation of the schedule of studies and the general plan of the school, and his counsel was invaluable in all the meetings of the trustees and faculty. He always came to Nyack a little before the faculty was to meet, and then the children had the time of their lives. His last earthly ministry in New York was to take the train for Nyack to attend a meeting of the trustees of the school and have a little visit with the children, and immediately passed on from this to Atlanta, never to return again.

It was natural that the first thought in many hearts after he had been laid to





THE WILSON MEMORIAL ACADEMY.

rest should be to make this school a memorial of its founder and its friend. Soon after a fund was started for the purpose of completing the building already begun, and paying off all indebtedness upon it, and thus erecting a commodious and attractive and yet inexpensive edifice to be known in the coming years as the Wilson Memorial Academy. This work has been steadily prosecuted since its inception in May, 1908. As these pages go to press the new building has been almost completed and the accompanying illustration will give a good idea of its grace and dignity. It has sufficient room for about 100 students, and only lacks a chapel to make the accommodations reasonably complete. About \$11,000.00 have been contributed by less than 2,000 persons, mostly in moderate gifts from \$1.00 to \$50.00. The total sum required and asked for is \$30,000, and the friends of the work expect as the severe financial pressure of the past months passes away, and the value of the work is more and more appreciated, that the whole of this modest memorial offering will be completed.

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY WILSON AS A MINISTER.

WE pass by the story of his parish work in Kingston and St. George's, which another hand has more appropriately portrayed, and linger a little upon the seventeen years of his delightful connection with the Gospel Tabernacle Church.

As a preacher Dr. Wilson would scarcely be called popular. He did not sway great masses of people with the peculiar gift of oratory, which so many of his countrymen enjoy; but he always appealed to thoughtful minds and practical hearers. He was thoroughly evangelical, believing in the whole Bible with his whole heart, and having no patience with the modern drift of liberalism and higher criticism which so often deeply pained him, on the part of many of his brethren. In the midst of much of this kind of religious teaching in the earlier years of his ministry he always lifted up a brave and faithful witness of Christ and the Bible. Again, he preached Christ. He

knew Him in His person and work and had no room for any other gospel than the old gospel of the precious blood. Further, he was a most suggestive preacher. With his thorough scholarship and familiarity with his Greek Testament, and all the principles of the most advanced exegesis, he discovered the hidden beauties in the idioms and phrases of Holy Writ, and brought out many a fine point of homiletic beauty and forcefulness. His series of papers on "Veins of Truth in the Mines of God" is a treasure house of striking thoughts and illustrations and we hope some early day will see the light of publication. Above everything else, he was a practical preacher. His own instinctive integrity made him hate all shams, hypocrisies and evil things. "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity" might truly be recorded upon his monument. He was at times almost severe in the application of his inflexible moral standard. He seemed incapable of comprehending lying, dishonesty and evil speaking among the followers of Jesus Christ. It was his great delight in some of the meetings for deeper spiritual life

that he led, to get the people who had long been cherishing grievances and grudges to confess their sins to each other, and many such a scene of reconciliation have we seen under his ministry. He had no patience with the people that talked about higher Christian life and lived the lowest kind of Christian life. He denounced with righteous energy the inconsistency of talking about the fourfold gospel, holiness and divine healing and not measuring up to it in actual experience. And yet for the sinner, no matter how lost and degraded, he had the utmost tenderness and helpfulness. Like his Master, whose "woes" were all against the Scribes and Pharisees, and His tears for the publicans and harlots, so Henry Wilson loved to seek and save that which was lost. One of the last conversations the writer ever had with him was about a man whom he had known years ago in England, and who had held a good social position there, but had come to him in this country in the depths of destitution and despair. He told, with characteristic humor, how the poor fellow had crossed his path while he was on his way to a

religious service in an elegant chapel, and how the man had refused to leave him, but followed him to the chapel and waited through the service, and still clung to him as he returned to his home, and later in the evening insisted on accompanying him to the Gospel Tabernacle, where evangelistic services were being held by good John Robertson, and how the man was saved that night and by the grace of God and the help of Dr. Wilson, he had since picked up the dropped threads and was again living a decent, respectable life, and God was restoring to him the years the locusts had eaten. Memory still loves to linger upon the tenderness and pathos with which he told the story, and the genuine wit of his description of himself in his silk hat and clerical dignity, going up and down the city that whole afternoon and evening with a drunken bum that his heart would not allow him to shake off.

He was one of the most active workers in Avenue A Mission in the city of New York, established by St. George's church in the worst section of the East Side of New York, and it was his great delight

to stand on the street corner in that, perhaps the darkest corner of the home heathenism of this great city, and preach and sing the Gospel to the crooks and bums and abandoned women and young hoodlums who formed the largest part of his audience. It was the same instinct that led him during the last years of his life to act as chaplain of the Magdalene Home for rescued girls at Inwood-on-the-Hudson. We are pleased to be able to append the testimony of the esteemed superintendent of that home regarding his influence and ministry in that typical mission.

"It was in the year 1894 that Dr. Wilson came to the Magdalen Home as our Chaplain. His work of nearly fourteen years with us were years of great blessing to us all.

"The work of helping others was very near to his heart and the influence of his life while with us will remain forever. In his earnest talks with our girls he brought simple Gospel truths forcibly to their hearts; urging them as he himself expressed it in our last yearly report, to 'Let God use fire to burn up the chaff of the

past, to burn out the very remnants of the old life, and above all, to burn in the name and nature of Jesus Himself,' and again he adds, 'I thank God for the joy of ministering week after week to these unfortunate women.'

"To those of us who worked with him in the work of trying to rescue others he was ever an inspiration, a wise counselor and friend,

R. HARRISON,
Superintendent Magdalen Home."

There were few men in the city of New York who were in closer touch with all the rescue missionaries who constitute the brightest spiritual zone in all this dark metropolis. Mr. and Mrs. Ballou, of the Cremorne Mission; Colonel Hadley, of St. Bartholomew's; dear S. H. Hadley, of Water Street; the Delaney sisters of Catherine Mission; the workers in the Bowery, Baxter Street and Chinatown; Miss Agnew, now Mrs. Stephens, and Miss Wray, of the Eighth Avenue Mission, and scores besides, had in him a comrade and a friend whose counsel and sympathy could always be commanded.

For many years he was the President

of the successful Seamen's Christian Association, on West Street, of which Mr. Stafford Wright is the efficient and successful superintendent. We quote here a striking tribute from that mission to his work for them.

"The 'Memorial' enclosed embodies our mutual appreciation of one who was our faithful friend and president for eighteen years. He came to us when our Association was in its comparative infancy, and helped us by his tender sympathy in our perplexities as well as in our happiness and prosperity. How could we ever doubt our Heavenly Father's love and care with Dr. Wilson's prayers and bright, cheering words? Were I to write all that my own heart would dictate in regard to his association with us as a band, and his encouragement and inspiration to me in my official position, you would hardly have time or space to include it in your book.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EMMA M. BANGS."

"Secretary Seaman's Christian Mission:

The following is a copy of the Memorial Resolution drawn up by the Seaman's Christian Mission:

"The Seaman's Christian Association sorely bereft (as were many organizations) by the sudden and overwhelming loss of Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D., would add loving though inadequate tribute to his memory.

"Doctor Wilson had been our beloved President for nearly eighteen years, our faithful friend and adviser, sympathizing with us in our perplexities and rejoicing in our happiness and prosperity. His faith in the loving care and aid of the Almighty in every advancement we were enabled to make, encouraged and inspired us in the work of the Association from its earliest days.

"Notwithstanding his busy life and numerous interests, he found many opportunities to visit our Gospel meetings and address the Seamen. His earnest words impressing and uplifting his listeners were a potent influence in winning souls.

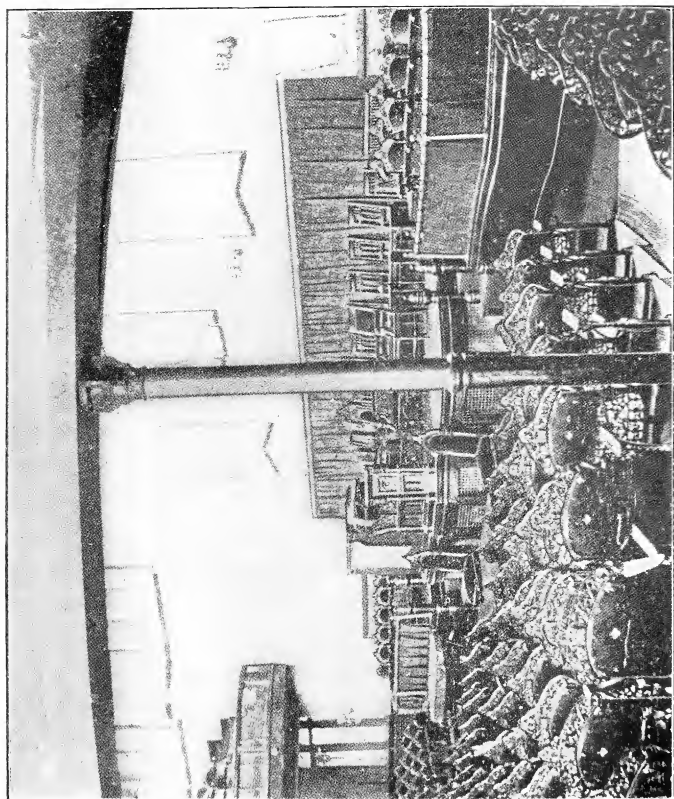
"In recording our great loss, we trust that his noble example and unswerving faith may prove an incentive to us all to press on with ever increasing devotion to the cause which we hold so dear.

"Therefore, be it resolved that realizing

our affliction, we bow in submission to the will of God, trusting for His guidance in our efforts to advance His kingdom, and that we tender our loving sympathy to the family of our beloved friend."

One of the features of the early days of our work was a regular all-night prayer meeting once a month for the city mission workers of New York and vicinity, and Henry Wilson was almost invariably the leader of that meeting. It finally developed into the annual Rescue Day, with which the New York Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance has wound up its program for half a score of years. Dr. Wilson was always the moving spirit and the chairman of the committee in connection with that great reunion, and these toiling reapers in the slums felt stronger for the touch of his hand and the light of his smile.

But, above everything else, in his ministry the glory of Dr. Wilson's parish work was his personal work as a visiting pastor in the homes of the stranger, the sick and the poor. No call was too sudden, no journey too long, no tenement too far down town or too high upstairs



GOSPEL TABERNACLE, NEW YORK.



for his heart to respond and his feet to fly with messages of consolation and love. Many and many a testimony have we heard respecting the fatherly tenderness and comfort of his ministrations to the sick and the dying. Many a time has he hastened to the funeral of some poor, lone stranger simply because there was no one else to go. No work was quite so dear to him as this. He would often say, "I am not a great preacher, but I love to be among my people," and he hastened home from his long journeys and numerous conventions to hurry away to Jersey City or Brooklyn, or Harlem or the downtown districts of New York to feed the feeble sheep and shepherd the lambs of the flock. His love to this work is best expressed in his own words. The following quotation is from his address at the Quarter Centennial of the Gospel Tabernacle in February, 1907. It gives us at once a picture of the man and some of the people whom God gathered around this center of light and love.

"Though called away from time to time to superintend the Alliance work in the home field, and rejoicing to reach in this

way thousands outside the city of New York with the messages of the Gospel so dear to us, the man that was healed loves to come back as soon as possible and take up again the simple but delightful work of pastoral visitation and preaching his best sermons by the bedside of the sick and dying or helping them individually to walk in victory over all the power of the enemy. And perhaps, dearest of all to him, reading to the children in the home, the Sunday or day school and helping them to know by personal touch the Saviour who while on earth took the little ones up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them.

“‘Oh! Saviour, blessed Saviour mine,
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee.’

“The half has never yet been told, but perhaps we may have more time in eternity to tell the other half of the story that, to the writer at least, will never grow old.

“And out of these twenty-three years’ experience and fifteen years of pastoral

work in the Tabernacle what tender memories rise! Faces of faithful workers long since gone home to their rest in paradise and awaiting their reward when the Lord shall come. Some prominent on the platform, in the pulpit, preaching with power the word of Life. Some in the educational work of the Alliance, men and women apt to teach and laying foundations for lives to build upon. Some who have gone out at the call of God from this 'Tabernacle of Witness' to live, labor and lay down life for Jesus and the souls of the heathen. Some in many a hard place in the home field, as truly missionaries as if they had suffered and died in Japan or on the borders of Tibet. Others, who 'stayed by the stuff' and saved and prayed and sent others to represent them in the regions beyond. Others again, dear fathers and mothers, who trained their children to show piety at home first and then go at the call of God, and in places far or near as He might direct—make real to others what God had made real to them.

"Among the ministers, who can ever forget the shining face of John Cookman,

whose presence in a meeting meant benediction and uplifting to us all.

"Logical and profound Dr. Chappell, whose messages our students at Nyack will not soon forget, and others we cannot name here who from time to time, and out of other denominations came to our conventions, or for a time were teachers in our school, ministering to us the Bread of Life.

"Among the first and ablest among the early helpers, among the godly women, come up the faces of dear Nellie Griffin, whose faithful teaching and life work were so beautifully portrayed by our pastor at her funeral in the hearing of the writer of this memorial.

"And dear Miss Waterbury, than whom no truer heart ever beat in sympathy with the trials and triumphs of this Alliance work.

"These are but specimens of others whose names are in the book of life though not recorded in this memorial. Out of the longer list of members of the Gospel Tabernacle, some resident in the city, others holding their letters from us though living and working in many a

distant place, at home or on the foreign field, we can mention just a few.

"And of the aged saints of that 1897 year who can forget the strong Scotch face of dear John Henderson, who, morning after morning, every Sabbath day for many a year, looked up from his place in this Tabernacle into the face of the man of God who made Jesus so real to him from the Word of God.

"W. H. Conley, of Pittsburgh, a man of great business capacity, and yet a great large-hearted Christian. Dear Albert P. Woodcock, one of our bravest Congo missionaries, and a hero like him, though on a different field, Marcus T. Garrison. Pages would be needed to tell fully what this one man, his precious wife and family have been to this work at home and far away.

"On Oct. 13, 1897, there entered into rest that sweet simple-hearted man of God, tender as a woman and simple as a child in his faith, Mr. W. H. Burnham, of Kenwood, N. Y. To complete this year's sheaf of garnered grain what name will be more tenderly remembered by the older members of this church than Dr. Amel-

ia Barnett, who, on Saturday, Dec. 26, 1897, passed into the rest of God at the ripe age of eighty-four. One of the oldest woman physicians of the city, she was well called "the Good Samaritan," whose whole heart and life went out to help the needy and to heal the sick in soul and body.

"And now, with only time to mention their names, holy faces and earnest lives pass before us, like Mrs. Crear, wife of our beloved treasurer; Mrs. Grant, over ninety, mother of dear Miss Proudfit; "Mother Clark," who is surely in spirit sitting in her accustomed place in that seat at the end of the second row and taking her glad part in this holy service of to-day. Jennie Fuller, the woman apostle for the women of India, with a company of thirty-two others from our missionary force in that field, and all practically members of this church.

"Leaving much unsaid of these and to others the recalling of many more on our list, we lay this simple tribute of tender memorial at the feet of Jesus, whose they are and whom they served so faithfully

here and are now in a fuller sense serving Him in heaven."

Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate his shepherd heart than these personal expressions of his love to every member of his flock.



CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY WILSON AND THE WORK OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

WE have already referred to the fact that Dr. Wilson was the first President of the International Missionary Alliance. The larger number of our foreign workers went out to the field during his term of office. A great wave of missionary enthusiasm swept over the land and placed at our disposal for a little while a large amount of missionary money and a corresponding number of earnest and devoted candidates for the neglected fields of the world. Sometimes as large a party as twenty-five or thirty sailed from New York on the same steamer for the Congo or the shores of India. It was a great sight on one of these occasions to see Dr. Wilson on the steamer's dock, in the midst of a vast crowd, singing at the top of his voice some familiar refrain such as "God be with you till we meet again," and waving his handkerchief, while the party of a score or more on the steamer's deck responded with

signal and with song, and many a tear fell fast because we felt regarding some of these loved ones that we should see their faces no more. It would take a long list to include all these cherished names. Among them were Clara Stromberg, William Macomber and Sadie Falcon of the Congo, Susie Beals of China, Jennie Fuller of India, and many more who have long since beckoned once more from the battlements of heaven as their spiritual leader passed into the haven of rest and the long-parted ones were reunited to part no more. The great thought that stirred all hearts was the evangelization of the world in the present generation in order to hasten the personal coming of the Lord.

During this period several large companies of Swedish missionaries offered their services to the Christian and Missionary Alliance under the leadership of Rev. William Fransen and Mr. Olsen of North China. In order to come into closer touch with these earnest and devoted brethren, who knew us only by name, Dr. Wilson was sent to Sweden as a representative of our Mission Board

and spent several weeks in conference with missionary leaders and candidates, examining the latter carefully, and finally approving of a large number who formed our second Swedish party to northern Shansi. This was a source of great enjoyment to him. He spoke through an interpreter to many large companies of Swedish Christians and became deeply attached to the simple-hearted, devout people of that Christian land. It was refreshing to hear him tell the story of his varied experiences after his return. He always saw the humorous side of everything and had the gift of reproducing these pictures to the life. He was a great disciplinarian and believed in keeping the sexes well apart in their missionary journeying, for the sake of appearances as well as for the sake of the missionaries themselves. But it was a great amusement to him, and he often told it for the amusement of others, to find that as his Swedes started to North China in two distinct parties, men and women, the latter far enough ahead of the men to ensure well-ordered discipline and separation, the ladies before long got tired and

went so slow that the gentlemen soon overtook them and the rest of the long journey was made in company, all rules notwithstanding. When someone ventured to ask an explanation, one of the dear sisters of the Swedish party simply said: "Why of course, we likes the gentlemen, and the gentlemen likes we." It is only proper to say that no harm came from the simple manners of these dear people. They reached their field, accomplished their work, many of them became united in marriage, and most of them laid down their lives on the altar of martyrdom in the Boxer rebellion, where no less than twenty-nine of our own dear ones perished for Jesus' sake.

We have already referred, in connection with Dr. Wilson's work among the children, to his successful efforts to unite them in the support of the orphans of India and the children in other foreign lands connected with our mission stations. One of the most interesting societies in our work was known as the Junior Missionary Alliance. Dr. Wilson was its president till the close of his life, and at the annual meetings of our

society it used to be his glad claim that 5,000 children in America were constantly working and praying in connection with that society for 5,000 other children in heathen lands. Dr. Wilson took the deepest interest in the Missionary Institute at Nyack, which is one of the noblest institutions of our work, where nearly three thousand students have passed through the various courses of Bible study and missionary training during the past twenty-one years. He was almost always present at the opening and closing exercises of this large body of students and so radiant was his smile, and so bracing was his message, that it might be said of him as of Job, "They waited for him as for the rain."

One of his unfinished works was a memorial volume of more than a hundred missionaries who had passed from earth to heaven from the ranks of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. The materials for that volume, he announced to us just before his death, were about completed, and he was only waiting for a few more photographs and for final instructions from the Board to issue the volume.

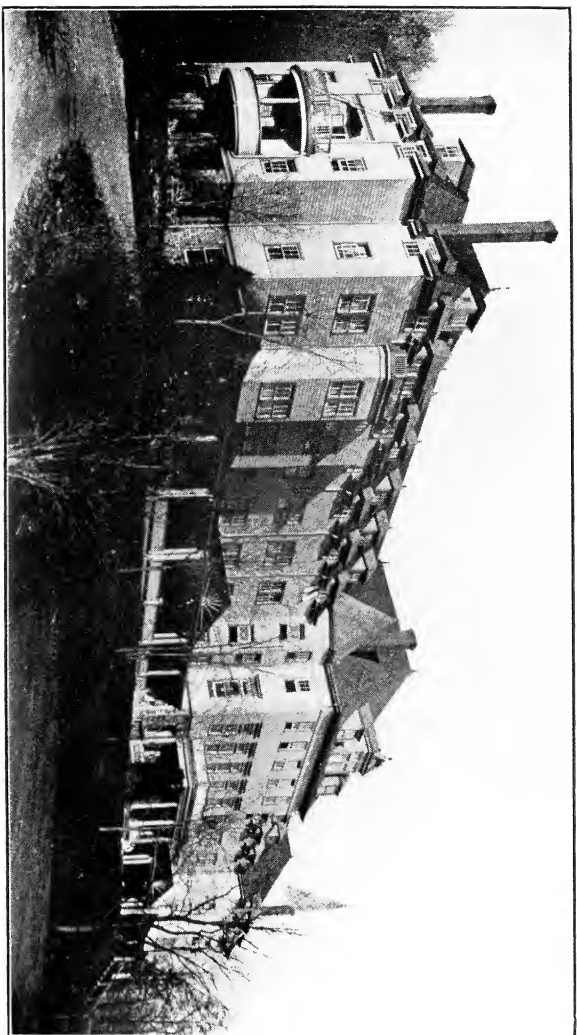
No more practical proof of his self-denying love for the evangelization of the world could be given than the fact that for a great many years he himself contributed regularly out of his extremely limited means several hundred dollars for the support of his own missionary substitute on the foreign field, and he undertook a special line of laborious missionary work in this city in order to earn that money and be able to keep up the support of his missionary.

The most concise and striking testimonial which we have seen to the value of his life and work, especially as an official of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, was the resolution adopted at the last annual Council of the society and prepared by Principal Stevens, of the Nyack Missionary Institute, which will form a fitting conclusion to this chapter.

"This is the place, the hour, the service, in which the departure of a chief among us is most vividly and pathetically realized; for he always stood in this place, at this hour, in this service, and it was commonly recognized that no other could be thought of while he remained.

What exquisite memorials he has left in the Annual Reports! He delighted himself in enshrining the departed in our hearts and memories in the name of Christ Jesus! And with what zeal did he bring forth the project of a memorial volume for all our honored dead! Pathetic indeed it is that we should be called to take up his pen, without his gift, not alone to pay tribute to the memory of a new list of sleeping saints from our ranks, but also to number him in that list.

"Those who remained to the very end of our Council last year can never forget our brother's ministries in the closing hour. It seemed as if the Master of Assemblies poured forth His name like ointment upon Henry Wilson to lavish upon us the many odors from the heavenly censer. He read his last memorials, the best of all. His words of fraternal communion, his prayer, his benediction—all seemed prophetic of a veiled but most fitting farewell. And some hearts were then taken with a sharp apprehension of some momentous change to occur before we met again. Surely, our Lord and Master doeth all things well.



THE N. Y. MISSIONARY INSTITUTE, NYACK, N. Y.



"In substance, one long and closely associated with Mr. Wilson, has said: None stood so prominent at the front of the battle as our beloved brother in the Lord, Dr. Henry Wilson, of New York, who fell asleep in Jesus on February 13, 1908. He was abundant in labors throughout the entire constituency of the Alliance. From Maine to California and also throughout the Dominion of Canada he traveled extensively as Field Superintendent, and was always a welcome guest in the homes of our people as well as an invaluable worker in the conventions. He excelled in ministry among children. His original illustrations and his native wit, coupled with a genuine piety, gained for him an attentive audience among the little ones, whose appreciation shone in their countenances as they eagerly listened to his touching appeals to their young hearts.

"Dr. Wilson was a beautiful specimen of Divine Healing. We often heard him relate how more than twenty years ago God graciously healed him in answer to prayer, after many different kinds of means had been tried in vain to effect a

cure. From being a weak-chested invalid he became a robust, strong, healthy man. He never tired of giving God the glory for being able to preach the Gospel of Christ, grace for the sinner, and an indwelling Christ for the believer. Indeed, Dr. Wilson was an enthusiastic preacher of the fourfold Gospel as set forth by the Christian and Missionary Alliance and loyal to the core to its fundamental principles. He was deeply interested in the evangelization of the world, and had much joy in advocating the claims of missions wherever he went. Having himself received a liberal education, his Greek Testament being his constant companion, the doctor took great interest in the educational work of the Alliance and much of its success is due to his energies in behalf of the existing schools now in progress. His was a strenuous life, and a unique ministry. When we see an efficient worker such as Dr. Wilson was, taken away in the midst of an active and useful life, we can only bow our heads and say: 'God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.' We believe it will be so in this case, that the work will go

on with increasing power for the glory of God, by others being raised up to fill the ranks as the noble heroes are taken away one by one. Dr. Wilson's manly presence will be greatly missed at our summer conventions, as well as the genial smile with which he was wont to greet us, but we comfort ourselves with the thought that soon we may be 'caught up together to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.'"

His last work on earth was to attend a missionary convention in the city of Atlanta, Georgia, and had he lived one week longer, he would have preached the missionary sermon at that convention, at which, immediately after his death, more than ten thousand dollars were pledged for the great work he loved so well.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY WILSON AS A MAN.

THE most casual observer would have picked him out in a crowd as a person of distinction. His face was strong and noble. His form was stately, athletic, erect. His bearing was dignified and graceful. His dress was distinctly clerical, yet simple and unconventional. His manners were polished, but affable, free and unaffected. He was at home in any circle. He was always a gentleman.

His culture was wide and always up to date. His reading was of great range, especially along the lines of history, biography and the classics of general literature. He was a fine Greek and Latin scholar and his Greek Testament was his constant companion. He kept in touch with events and was well informed on all ordinary things worth knowing.

His most marked characteristic was perhaps a radiant cheerfulness and joyousness which was at once both a gift and a grace. If it was not natural, it had

at least become so fixed a habit that it was second nature. His was not the silly "smile that never comes off," for he could be grave as well as gay, but it was rather a settled uplift of soul that had set its face toward the sunrising and refused to look on the dark side, to be soured by sensitiveness or suspicion or allow anything to cloud its sunshine or rob it of its victory. He was often called "the Sunny Man," and one of his favorite quotations was:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant—
When life goes by with a song;
But the man worth while is the man with a
smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

The following letter just received from an intimate friend of Dr. Wilson gives a little picture of his personal life.

"I have not the pen of a ready writer else how gladly would I add a testimonial to the personal worth of dear Dr. Wilson which would in some faint measure express my appreciation of him. Such a friendship as his cannot be adequately told, it must 'be realized'—yet knowing him in-

timately as we did, we do desire to tell something of what he was to us ministering as he did in the Master's Name and for His glory.

"For many years Dr. Wilson was the welcome guest in our home whenever he was called to serve the Philadelphia Alliance.

"Each member of the household rejoiced in his coming and felt it a special privilege to contribute, in any way, to his comfort, yet we always felt we were receiving from him far more than we ever gave. One of the servants, a Catholic, said of him: 'Surely he is a man of God.' Another servant was won back to Christ from a worldly life through a tender address made by him at a meeting. At the close, she with others, joined him in singing, 'Give me a heart like Thine.' Her gratitude ever after expressed itself in practical service during his oft recurring visits.

"His advice was sought and obtained in many of the perplexities and trials of our family life and his oft repeated assurances by letter that he was daily praying for us, heartened us wonderfully to 'endure as

seeing Him who is invisible,' and 'trust His constant care.'

"He was supernaturally natural—the very sunshine of God's love beaming from every look and word and action. Nothing was assumed. He was at home with us. His joyous laughter was the spontaneous overflow of a soul happy in God and conscious of His approval. K. G. K."

He had the gracious gift of humor. It was his birthright as an Irishman, but it was softened and polished by culture and the grace of God. He was no professional punster or diningroom story-teller, but the native wit flashed like the spark from the flint and steel whenever his keen humor struck against some fitting suggestion or occasion. The story was always ready for the occasion and his own shout of hilarious laughter was the most amusing part of it all.

Watching the clock as he waited to catch the next train one day he reminded us of the man who asked in an insane asylum if the clock was right, and the answer came quickly from one of the keen-witted patients, "Right, why if it was right it wouldn't be here." And as he

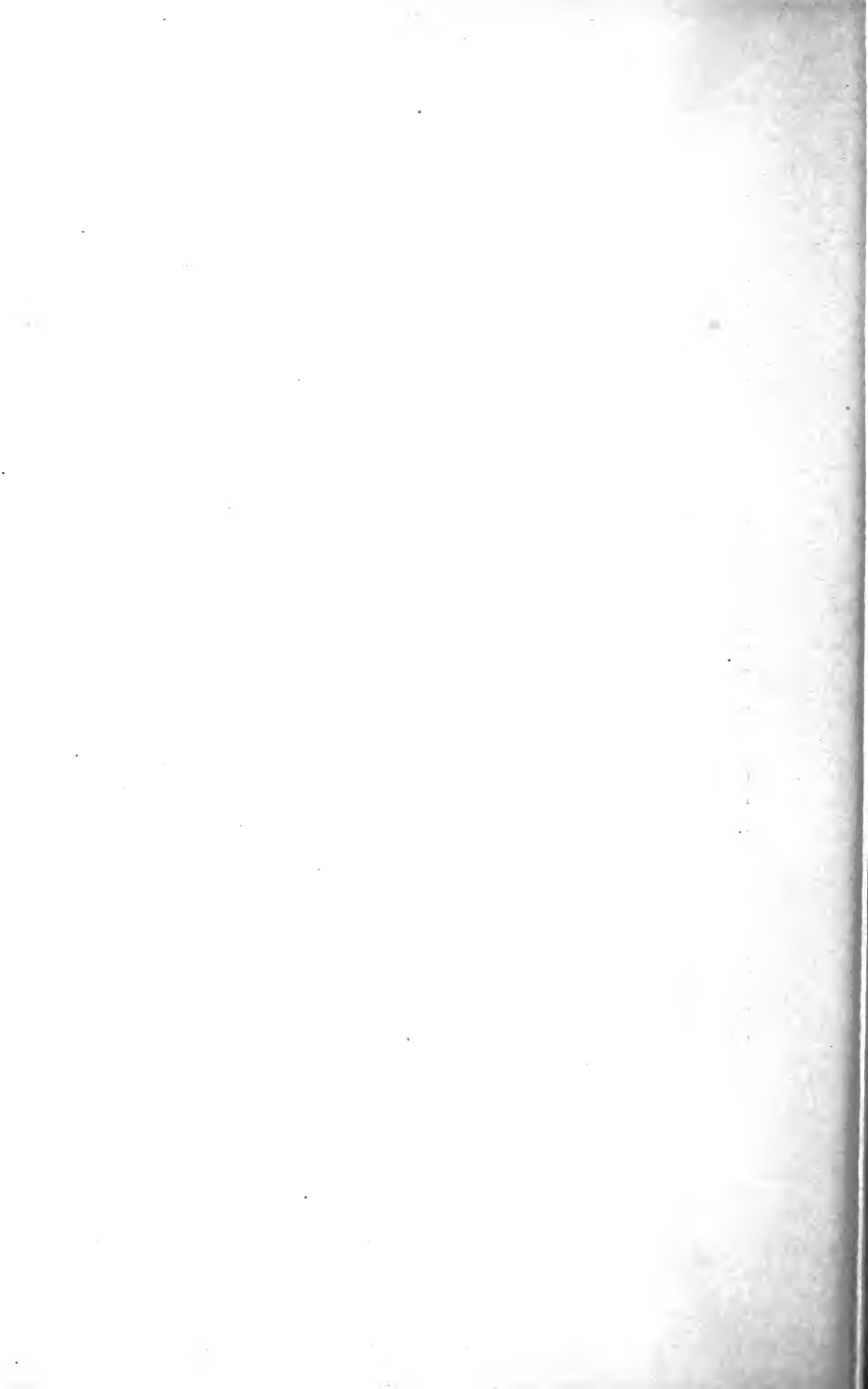
started for the door he lingered a moment and half choking with fun told about the young preacher who had tired his audience with a foolish flight of inflated eloquence, and had just been posing the saints and angels on various pedestals around the church, and finally, as a climax, asked, "And Gabriel, where shall I put Gabriel!" "Oh!" shouted an Irishman from the audience, "you can give him my sate, for I'm going," and sure enough, with a roar of laughter Wilson was gone.

But beneath these more brilliant qualities there was the solid base of a character of inflexible uprightness. "Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true," those things that constitute what the apostle sums up as "Virtue," as well as "praise," these were the fibre of Henry Wilson's moral being. He was incapable of dishonor, pretence, falsehood, and all the petty meannesses and compromises which he often so inexorably denounced. The children called him their "Palm Tree," because of his uprightness, and older eyes



HENRY WILSON.

Age 55 years.



saw in him the realization of the poet's portrait,

"The scorn of scorn, the love of love."

And was there ever a more loyal friend, or a soul more true to the trust he had assumed and the cause to which he had pledged his word and work? Disloyalty in a Christian worker met his uncompromising protest and honest indignation. Applications came sometimes to our Board from missionaries who had left some other work, but they found they had come to the wrong quarter if they came with grievances or complaints, or had not severed their former relations with unsullied honor. The writer well remembers the grief with which he followed the withdrawal of Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth from the work of his honored friend, their father, General Booth. And wherever, as happens in every movement, any of our workers became disaffected or disloyal, he seemed incapable of comprehending such things.

But his loyalty was not bigotry. His heart was large enough to take in every

true friend of Christ and every true work of faith and love. While the best that was in him was given during the last seventeen years of his life, to the principles and work of the Alliance, yet he never ceased to be a loyal minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he never wavered in his love to the Salvation Army through whose agency such blessing had come into his life. There was a sort of chivalry about his devotion. He was a true Knight of the Cross, true to his Master, true to his friends, true to his trust, true to the last.

Into the Holy of Holies of his deeper life we venture to look with shrinking eyes. More sacred words must bear witness here. The exquisite hymn which he so often quoted during his life and which was his last utterance as he entered the valley at last, was the most perfect expression of his faith and love,

"Jesus I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
And Thy beauty fills my soul;
For by Thy transforming power,
Thou has made me whole."

CHAPTER X.

HIS LAST DAYS.

"At eventide it shall be light."

AFTER the close of the last chapter his life took a turn in a direction which, from that point till death called, led steadily onward in the lines of usefulness, spirituality, health, influence and service.

I question much if any one man had "won the field" in a more true and lasting fashion than he, or whose treasure in heaven could be marked by a higher figure than his in the capacity for individual soul-winning. Great leaders and great organizers there have been doubtless in the world's history, but for individual spirituality, and the power to *live Christ*, I place no man above him. And in the day when earth's records are recounted the name of Henry Wilson will receive its due reward and place. And when I say this lest you think me guilty of undue devotion from all the sorrowing hearts that have poured their grief into my heart I can truly say I only echo what thousands feel.

And now we shall gaze upon the last

scene on the stage of Time, which leads to the "ever open door." And as we stand upon its threshold, strain our eyes to catch perchance one little glimpse of the glory and the brightness that is his to-day, and hear something of the song to carry back to life's dark and lonely pathway an inspiration to cheer us awhile till we are admitted and are numbered amongst that shining throng of the more than conquering souls who have, through their faithfulness unto death, won the crown of life.

In reference to his last earthly journey I will quote from a letter written me by his hostess.

"When your father arrived on Saturday night, the 8th, he seemed unusually fatigued, so we quickly took his valise and brought him right into the fire in the sitting room, to rest.

"While we were waiting for supper he admitted, in answer to my anxious enquiry about his health, as he looked sick, that he had not been quite well for a couple of days before he left New York, and later on he admitted he was seized with a congestive chill while crossing the New York ferry, and that he had been feeling badly since,

but would soon rest up, and by dieting he would soon have this bilious attack, as he called it, under control.

"He retired early. The next morning before he came down to breakfast I expressed to my husband that Dr. Wilson did not look like himself, and that he had broken much in a year, but when he joined us at breakfast he looked so bright I had to change my opinion, though he said he had not rested fifteen minutes that night. He attributed it to the chiming clock that rang every quarter, but we truly now think it was more his condition that caused sleeplessness.

"He always accepted everything as from God, and said since he could not sleep he had spent the night in prayer, and such a night as God had given him it seemed as if he girdled the earth with prayer.

"Sunday he preached at eleven o'clock service and again at 4.30 for the children, coming home after that not to go out again that evening; and as he lay upon the couch he said he was glad to rest.

"At supper he talked quite a little, but at no time was your father in the same high spirit that characterized him on other oc-

casions—no funny stories told with that hearty laugh. Indeed, I felt a heaviness as of sadness about the table every time we assembled, for our dear friend had no appetite and scarcely ate anything. Indeed, I asked him why his hand trembled so, for at times he could hardly hold it still. He would always say, 'You must not observe me too closely; that is not the way to help me. And then I would feel almost embarrassed for having made him feel so uncomfortable.

"Monday he was down as usual at breakfast, but owing to a terrible storm of sleet, with no cars running, he was house-bound, and indeed till Tuesday afternoon when the cars began running again, for which now I am sorry, for he insisted on going to the children's meeting at 4.30.

"That day as he left the dinner table he staggered. I observed it, and as he was trying to hide it I hurried to my husband and told him the Doctor must not go out, that he seemed too weak, so we got him to go and lie down, and try and sleep, but really hoping he would sleep past the hour and thus be prevented, but at the appointed time, watch in hand, he came from his room

to keep trust with the people, as he said.

"About 5.30 he came in from that service tired, he did not go to his room, but sought the couch at once.

"We remember now how, on his first day here, looking over at the couch he said, 'Ah, I will enjoy that,' and truly he spent most of his time lying on it.

"Tuesday after tea he lay on the lounge and we entertained him with sweet music, which he seemed much to enjoy.

"About nine o'clock he left us, saying I will leave you now and go to rest.

"About ten o'clock I told my husband I thought the Doctor had been breathing badly, and coughing so much that I did not think we could afford longer to shoulder the responsibility of his illness without someone, for, mark you, *he refused from the first my entreaties to call a doctor or submit to any remedies*, saying, 'I could not give up my testimony of twenty-four years. I cannot be untrue to my faith.'

"So we had two of the Alliance workers to come in and spend what remained of the night.

"In the morning I said to him that he

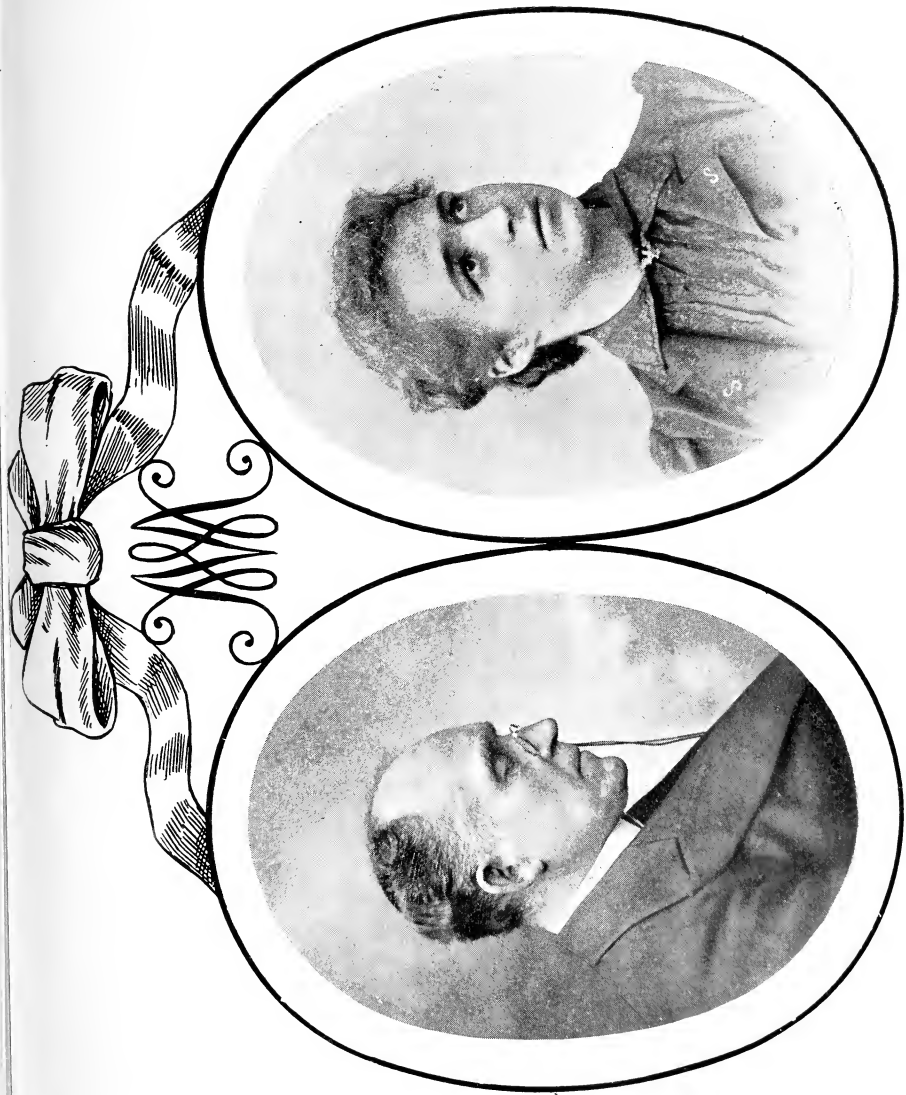
ought to permit us to get a physician, and I won't forget his answer:

" 'Yes, do as *you* like; it is as you want.'

"When permission was given I did all I could. We had our doctor in thirty minutes, who, after examining him, came to me and said, 'I greatly deplore it. There is little to encourage us, but as long as there is life there is hope, and we can work. His age, of course, is against him.' We were fortunate in securing the finest nurse in the city, who labored faithfully, skilfully and lovingly to the end. And the best diagnostician in the city on pneumonia said the treatment was all that could be given.

"There was nothing left undone that we could do. I thought of you two girls and worked as I felt I had to work for you both as well as for all his dear friends who would miss him so.

"He was really only in bed from Tuesday night till Thursday midnight, and the change was so rapid by Wednesday, one lung was hard and the other fast hardening. Your father suffered much on his right side. He was conscious till the last. He hardly realized till Thursday morning it was fatal. He said he would like to see Madele and





Bessie, but it would be a hard trip and but little in it for them.

"Your letter came in on Thursday morning, and I told him I had a Valentine from Madele which he seemed pleased to read.

"Your father died as he lived, beautifully, no fear of death, but met it hopefully, yes, joyously.

"God was real to him.

"Thursday morning he said the room was brilliant with a heavenly light, and there was an angelic host in the room.

"Once he looked up with his dear, sweet smile and said, 'It is all right when your hand is on the great Dynamo.' And he held his hands high above his head.

"Everyone who came near him realized the beauty of his Christian life. So patient, uncomplaining, courteous and appreciative and thoughtful of others made it a pleasant duty to wait upon him, as our doctor and nurse said.

"He talked as long as he could, and even after his speech was thick and unintelligible he still seemed to be in prayer. Every breath he drew he seemed as if talking to some Unseen Power.

"Just a little before twelve midnight,

Feb. 13th, the breath came less hard, and one or two gasps and it was over.

"We certainly will miss him, but we are so glad to have had the privilege of knowing this man of God.

"We appreciated his life and character in every way.

"We enjoyed his humor, his brilliant intellect, and his spiritual life will ever be an example of a true disciple of Christ.

"Such lives as your father's are the best witness of the Christ in you the hope of glory."
M. R. E.

His youngest daughter, Mrs. Wonham (Bessie) arrived six hours too late to see him alive, and six short telegrams conveyed the news to his prostrated daughter in New York. News which turned in thirty hours a sky of blue into one of utter darkness, and threw over life's pathway a shadow to the gate of death.

CHAPTER XI.

TRIBUTES AND REFLECTIONS.

"Peace, perfect peace.

Death shadowing us and ours.

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers."

I HAVE chosen in this chapter to select the tributes which came from those who knew him best in his Master's service; those who worked side by side with him in extending the kingdom of God, and turning many to righteousness.

I give these the first place as knowing him *personally*, and as a *brother worker*, and although hundreds of others could also and have laid their tributes at his feet in many ways, there is no finer testimony to a man's Christian character than those of his own household.

It was been too truly said that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and it might also be added particularly to popular public people. But this could never have been said of Henry Wilson. There was no mistake such a thoroughbred Christian as he.

He was the *soul* of honor. Tactful ever, but never to the point of deceit. Diplomatic, but never to the point of hypocrisy. Charitable in all things, but never to the point of yielding *principle*. Sympathetic, but never to the detriment of the one sympathized with. In short, as fine a specimen of true manhood, Christianity and humanness as I have ever been privileged to meet or live with. Let me quote to you the loving tribute of his last Episcopal rector, Dr. William Rainsford, who, when the sudden blow came in his Cathedral in Kingston and he was compelled to seek a parish elsewhere, opened his generous heart, and with his broad mind and intense admiration for a man who had some *convictions*, offered him a position in St. George's Clergy House as one of his assistants, along with Rev. Lindsey Parker and others, to assist in that great parish. With Dr. Rainsford his services extended over a period of seven years till he voluntarily resigned to associate himself with Rev. A. B. Simpson, of the Christian Alliance.

Dr. Rainsford's tribute, as follows, was written to the *Outlook* from Paris, France:

"One who never sought his own, with no

notice of the Christian press (so far as I can see) has passed from us—Henry Wilson, D. D.

“A good soldier and a true one. A brave soul if ever there was one. A man who walked with God, and like his Master, went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the devil, marches with us no longer.

“In the last letter I had from him, written June 22, 1907, he says: ‘Travelled twenty thousand miles last year, visited seventy cities and towns, held meetings three and four times a day.

“‘There is a spring of joy within me. I hardly know an ache or a pain, and I feel so young and fresh that I am more like a boy at play than a man at work. Praise God.’

“I never knew any man who seemed to go from strength to strength and who lived in the joy of God as he did. Work that others would have deemed unsuitable (he was an old man in years) did not so seem to him.

“He would undertake any journey to talk to children, and children knew it and always loved him.

"He was no mean scholar. He had studied hard, and well remembered his classics. He was a very good Grecian.

"His D. D. was not an honorary degree (as in the case of most of us it is). When I faced the large and difficult problems of St. George's, New York, Henry Wilson was by my side, and none of us who then strove shoulder to shoulder can ever forget how his happy, whole-hearted piety influenced all in our little East Sixteenth street clergy house.

"Looking back on it all, I can see how we were often like Martha cumbered with much serving. He worked as hard as any, but ever seemed to find time to sit at Jesus' feet and hear His words.

"When Henry Wilson came to me first a heavy load of depression rested on his mind. He had passed through deep and dark waters, and he had passed *alone*.

"Soon, however, like clear sunshine after rain, the light of God's peace came to his soul and henceforth he seemed to live and work in a cloudless day.

"If we are really honest with ourselves, I am persuaded that we must admit, that it is a rare thing to know a man who, with-

out hesitation or backward look, is willing to place his very all on the altar. Such a man was he.

"He seemed wholly given to his Master—mind, body, goods—he was not his own, and 'the life that he lived in the flesh he lived by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him.'

"Thousands of children, and thousands no longer children, but who as children first knew him, thank God that they ever looked into his handsome, kindly face, and will follow him with their blessings and prayers.

"Churches have often few rewards or honors for holy men.

"Honors do not seek them, and they are too much occupied with the King's business to seek after anything else. But still to-day Christiania and her children as they set their faces toward the celestial city are led and guarded as of old by Mr. Greatheart. His shining armour and holy courage they are at least quick to see.

And Mr. Greatheart himself was no more stainless soldier than this humble, fearless man of God, who passed from the work he so joyfully accomplished to the

very end. The King's highway will be lonelier to many because he no longer treads it with them."

Another tribute from his brother clergyman, Rev. Lindsay Parker, also of St. George's Church at the same time. He calls him "One of God's good men."

"Such, indeed, was my beloved friend, Henry Wilson, D. D., whose picture you see. What a strong, spiritual, noble face! To look at him you would know he was a good man. Wouldn't you?

"The face wears a sad expression, it *did* in repose, for the dear fellow had had much sorrow in his life.

"But what a royally, radiantly happy man he was notwithstanding. How often I have seen his handsome face wreathed in smiles, and illuminated with gladness, while his infectious laughter rang out in a very peal of merriment.

"We were curates together in St. George's, Manhattan, under the inspiring rectorship of our friend, Rev. William S. Rainsford, D. D.

"We lived together in the dear old clergy house on East Seventeenth street, and our association was very intimate and delight-

ful. Only a day or two ago I had a letter from Dr. Rainsford in which he referred to those bright and happy days, 'among the happiest of my life,' he says, 'when we three were so much together' (and for a while Rev. R. L. Brydges, now rector of St. Mark's, Islip), and to our daily custom of walking two and two, sometimes four, abreast round Stuyvesant Square for about half an hour.

"We would talk of parish matters and the day's work, tell stories, joke and laugh. How we *did* laugh.

"Sometimes the policeman on duty would grin sympathetically, and the nurse maids would look wonderingly at us. Probably thinking we were queer specimens of the genus parson.

"I can hear dear Harry's voice as I write and see him, as now and again he would drop behind and fairly rock, and cover his face with his hands—a favorite gesture of his at such times—and just give himself up to a perfect gale of merriment. What a big boy he was, and how he did revel in a bit of fun!

"But the times which I recall oftenest and with such loving and grateful memory

are the morning hours after our walk, when we three curates used to sit together in Wilson's room, over our Greek Testament.

"He was our leader, our teacher indeed, for he knew more Greek than both of us put together, and he made that morning hour memorable indeed.

"My old Greek Testament is marked profusely with notes of those readings. You have had the benefit of some of them from the pulpit, and Miss Wilson—'his beloved Madele'—has given me her father's little Greek Testament, also abundantly marked and annotated, a precious memento indeed, bringing back as it does those sacred hours, as he truly made them, for the Greek was to him a familiar and beloved medium for the conveyance of those deeper truths which meant so much to him, and expressed phases of thought and shades of meaning which were lost in the English translation.

"But it was the man's personality, his transparent, shining, splendid Christian character that stood out always and pre-eminently and made each one of us realize that a saint of God was in our midst.

"In the dear old chief's (Dr. Rainsford) letter to me he speaks of his last letter he had from Henry. Let me quote what he says: 'I have had many a letter I value from many a friend I love, but among them all I don't think I have had one as beautiful, as full of abundant life and peace and love as this,' and then he adds these words, '*Of whom the world was not worthy.*' I underscore the words; they *just* express my feeling as I think reverently, tenderly, lovingly of 'God's good man'—my friend, Henry Wilson.

"His funeral service, held in the Gospel Tabernacle, was impressive and touching in the extreme. At least sixteen hundred persons, men, women and children were present. One wondered to see so many children. Yet, no. Those who knew him did not. He loved children with an abounding love, and all children loved him. He was never happier than when among them.

"He was, as he loved to tell them, their 'Big Baby Brother.' So they were there and seemed to feel with the rest of us the deep sense of personal loss that made the gathering seem like one great family sharing a common sorrow.

"And yet, though tears were flowing, they flowed down many a shining face. For oh! it did seem as if the gate of the celestial city were open, and we could almost see the shining throng within, among them our brother Beloved.

"I thought of the Pilgrim's words as this same apocalypse came to him, 'Which when I had seen I wished myself among them.'

"Admirable, indeed, was the memorial address of Dr. Simpson, with whom our brother had for many years been associated in Christian work, discriminating, beautiful, tender. It was my sacred privilege to read the burial service of the Episcopal Church in the little chapel adjoining the Tabernacle in which for many years Dr. Wilson had conducted at eight o'clock every Sunday morning the Holy Communion as a priest of our church.

"After the Scripture lessons I spoke a few impromptu words. It was hard, very hard to speak at all—almost impossible—I did so love him."

In the funeral service, after Mr. Simpson's address, Rev. Dr. Parker, after read-

ing the Scripture lesson from I. Corinthians xv., spoke as follows:

"In the prayers and in the words which were spoken to us to-day, so fittingly and beautifully, one thought, it seemed to me, was specially emphasized, and one impression must have been made upon the minds of all who were listening, as certainly this impression was made upon me.

"He was a man who believed in and realized, day by day, the living, vivifying, inspiring presence of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"To quote the word which has already been used, he was anything but a 'conventional' Christian, and his religion was the great reality of his life.

"Only yesterday I came upon some words which reminded me of dear Henry because of the contrast which they suggested to his own blessed and happy experience.

" 'We have seen the spring sun shine out of a soulless heaven, upon an empty earth and we have felt with utter loneliness that the great Companion is dead.'

"Yes, as I read those words I thought of Henry Wilson, my brother, and the

words of a namesake of his, Bishop Wilson, came quickly to my memory. 'I am a witness to the fact that Jesus Christ is alive, and though invisible, is accessible. I have been cultivating and enjoying a personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus for over forty-seven years.'

"That acquaintance in our brother's case had ripened into an intimate and blessed fellowship.

"It seems to me that as he lived and labored so diligently and incessantly, so buoyantly and gladly, so loyally and lovingly, in His Master's service, those words might have been his.

"So I am waiting quietly every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly I rise and say
Surely it is the shining of His Face,
And when a shadow falls across the window of
the room,
When I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head and ask,
If He has come.'

"Well, the Master has come and called for His beloved, and we have left us the lesson and example and inspiration of a beautiful and blessed life.

"There was one point in Mr. Simpson's exquisite analysis of our beloved brother's character which I am sure commended itself to all who knew him, because of its instantly recognized truth, 'He was such a happy soul.'

"When I used to write to him playfully I would many a time address him as 'My Beloved Happy One.'

"The last letter I received from him was in reply to one which I had written him and in which I asked, 'Well, Henry, happy as ever?' He wrote back, 'Yes, beloved, happy, happier, happiest, and I am in the last class.'

"That Greek Testament of his which has been referred to. Yes, it was his companion.

"It was as familiar to him as was his own vernacular, and many a profitable and blessed hour I have had with him, when for some happy years we were together, as in very intimate and precious fellowship we read the Greek Testament side by side.

"It was not simply criticism of the text or the exegesis of the meaning, as we read; it became a revelation, and morning

after morning it seemed to me as if more and more wondrous things opened out to us as we bent over the inspired page.

"Here is a definition which I want to repeat to you. Don't you think it is applicable? And, oh, let me say before I give it, what a beautiful tribute this service has been! How glad and thankful I am I have been permitted to take part in it—to look into your faces—so far as one could with tear-blinded eyes—see what you thought of this dear man and how you loved him.

"But let me give you this definition. Drummond quotes it, not knowing the source whence it came.

"'Holiness is an infinite compassion for others. Greatness is to take the common things of life and to walk truly among them. Happiness is a great love and much serving.'

"Henry Wilson was a happy man. May we not say, glorifying God as we speak the words, he was a holy man, for he had an infinite compassion filling his heart, ever pouring itself out in tenderness and helpfulness.

"He was a great man, in God's sense,

for he walked with that splendid dignity of which we have heard, and that noble manliness, which was so characteristic, among the common things of life.

"And what a happy man he was according to this definition. Happy! Happier! Yes, he was one of the happiest of men, if happiness be a great love and much serving.

"I thank God that I knew him and I shall cherish as a blessing and as an inspiration for the rest of my life the dear memory of my friend.

"Suffer a last personal word. If I had passed on before him I had meant that he should do for me what I am permitted to do for him to-day. God has willed it otherwise. Well, a part of the joy of the good Master's presence will be meeting once more my brother and fellow servant of that blessed and beloved Master where there shall be fulness of joy and pleasures forever more."

And last, but far from least, I add the testimony of his last co-worker in Christ's vineyard, a toiler in the field for seventeen years—the last and happiest experience of his earthly service.

The Rev. Mr. Simpson, over his silent form, spoke as follows:

"It is hard to realize that the voice which so often in this holy place and with such exquisite taste and tenderness, was wont to pay the last tribute of love to those who through the years have been passing from our midst, to the home above, is itself at last silent, and less skilful hands must now lay the last wreath upon his breast, and feebler voices pronounce his requiem.

"How shall we try to draw the portrait of that strong and striking personality?

"Was there ever a finer specimen of perfect physical manhood, brimming with buoyancy, erect with dignity, and radiant with hope and cheer, every fibre proclaiming the man and the gentleman, and yet all so utterly free from self-consciousness, or the faintest trace of vanity, pride, or self-importance? And now in the fulness of that manhood, the plate has been stereotyped, the picture has been crystallized, and with no shadow of decrepitude, infirmity or decay to cloud the vision, we shall always think of him as he stood amongst us last, in his splendid

manhood, and our children will have higher and nobler ideals of life because this vision has passed before them.

"How shall we attempt to portray the higher gifts of his mind and heart? That wit that flashed so spontaneously, but its genial light never scorched or consumed; that humor that was ever ready to provoke a smile, but never sank to burlesque or irreverence; that scholarship that was so accurate and ripe, that his Greek Testament was his pocket companion, and the manual of his devotion, but never was pedantic; the culture that was so varied, the reading that was so wide, and that touch with the times that was so thoroughly up-to-date that the most gifted and cultured minds were instinctively attracted to him, and through him, to the higher things he loved to recommend.

"His pen was so graphic and his literary style so clear and concise that we deeply regret that his intensely active life and innate modesty prevented him from leaving behind more enduring messages, which his friends would now so highly prize.

"If a report was to be written, if a

memorial was to be gracefully expressed, if an appeal was to be presented for some great cause, his was always the touch to which we turned, the cunning hand that polished and completed the work.

"And what shall we say of his character and heart?

"Only those who knew him in the sacred intimacy of his home, and the inner circle of his friends, fully realized behind the dignity which he never forgot, the deep fountains of his tender love, and loyal friendship.

"Perhaps he had no stronger trait than a splendid uprightness that reminded one of the Bible image of the palm tree.

"His moral standards were so high and his sense of right so inexorable that he sometimes seemed severe, when called to deal with hypocrisy and sham.

"But when sincerity, penitence, humility and straightforwardness appealed to his compassion, there was no voice so tender, no hand so ready to lead the returning sinner to the Saviour's feet and bid him go and sin no more. Needless to say he was the soul of honor and seemed

incapable of doing, saying or thinking a mean thing.

"Pre-eminent above all his personal qualities was his invincible cheerfulness, hopefulness and joyousness.

"In all the years the writer has known him, he has never seen a cloud upon his face, and has often said that if there was only one really 'dead' Christian on earth it was Henry Wilson. One chorus was ever ringing in his heart, 'It is better farther on.'

"But of course the secret of all this was not mere temperament, or a happy blending of natural qualities, but first and last, the grace of God and the life of the indwelling Christ.

"A great transformation had come in his life long after he had been in the Christian ministry, and it made all things new.

"That was nothing less than the one simple fact which he was continuously testifying to, and which was the supreme burden of his ministry, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

"He literally and utterly believed in the reincarnation of Jesus Christ in a conse-

crated Christian life, and he lived it simply, sublimely, and to the end. We have never seen this precious truth more sweetly or clearly declared than in the messages about the Internal Christ that have fallen from his lips and pen in the past few years.

“Not only was Christ the life of his spirit, and to him the substance of all holiness, happiness and even intellectual vigor, but for nearly a quarter of a century he took Him and he lived upon Him as the Source of his physical strength, and loved to tell us from this platform, and in every part of this land, how day by day he drank in His quickening life, breathed His very breath, and lived and moved and had his being in Christ, his Living Head.

“While there was nothing sentimental about his wholesome and practical nature, yet his devotion was fervid, and we can still remember how he used to sing with unutterable tenderness until all hearts were melted at the altar where he ministered:

“Oh, Calvary, dear Calvary,
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,

Oh, Calvary, dear Calvary,
Speak to my heart from Calvary.

“There would I clasp Thy bleeding feet
And kiss and bathe them with my tears,
The story of Thy love repeat,
In every trembling sinner's ears.’

“The story of Dr. Wilson's life is a varied one. Born in Peterboro County, Canada, in 1841, educated at Trinity College, Toronto, where he took high honors and several degrees, and ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal church in 1866, he was a conventional Episcopal clergyman in Kingston, Ontario, for the first eighteen years of his public life. In 1884, after a profound spiritual experience, he labored with great earnestness for five years.

“In the year 1889 he retired from the ministry of St. George's and became associate pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, which relation he sustained for the past nineteen years, until his death.

“He had been in the ministry forty-two of the sixty-seven years of his life.

“Several years ago the claims of the vast home work of the Christian and

Missionary Alliance led the board to call him from his pastoral work to spend the larger portion of his time as Field Superintendent of the Alliance work in the United States and Canada.

"During this time he has traveled over almost all parts of the continent and preached Christ in His fulness in hundreds of places and to tens of thousands of people.

"In summing up the leading elements of his ministry it should be said that he preached the old Gospel in its simplicity and power and was always loyal to the evangelical faith and the Cross of Calvary.

"He had no hankering for a polychrome Bible, a bloodless gospel, or a New Theology. It was, however, as a Christian teacher that he was specially used in his public ministry.

"His cultivated mind, his wide information, his accurate scholarship and his clear and concise thought and expression, gave his messages of Christ and His fulness great freshness and force, and we have all recognized the increasing value and pow-

er of his addresses at our conventions during the last few years.

"His heart was too large to allow him to be a mere conventional part of any organization or system.

"While loyally true to the testimony of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, whose message of the crucified, living and coming Lord had been burned into his inmost being, his sympathies went out to all true workers for the kingdom of God, and the welfare of man.

"He loved the Salvation Army, under whose auspices he had received some of the deepest and mightiest inspirations of his life.

"He loved the work of Rescue Missions and was in close touch with all the noble men and women who are in the front of the battle, and was the moving spirit in the annual rally of these workers in this place every October.

"He was the President of the Seaman's Mission at the time of his death.

"He was deeply interested in education and was one of the founders, and at the time of his death, the President of the Nyack Seminary for the co-education of

young people, with careful safeguards for their moral and religious training. He has been for many years the chaplain of the Magdalen Home, and his messages there have reached thousands of discouraged lives.

"But it was pre-eminently as a Pastor that Dr. Wilson excelled.

"He loved to be among the people. Wherever there was sickness, sorrow, poverty or loneliness, he went with willing feet and words of comfort. No distance was too great, no hardship was too trying. "Taking a bite," as he loved to call it, at any humble cottage that might give him welcome, he would spend the day tramping the streets of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, and come home at night radiant and refreshed, having left a shining track of hope and cheer behind him.

"This was his great delight, and when he could get home from conventions he always hastened to take up his parish work as his chosen recreation.

"But more than all, Dr. Wilson was the children's pastor and their own particular friend and comrade.

"The first word of sympathy which came to us after the tidings of his death was a little poem sent by one of the boys in the Nyack Seminary, of which he was President, mourning his loss and glowing with holy aspiration to follow in his steps. How the children will miss him!

"His last ministry in the city of New York was to spend Thursday a week ago in the interval between his Canadian trip and his visit to Atlanta, at Nyack, attending a meeting of the Board of the Seminary, and in talking to the boys and girls. The 'Big Baby Brother' of all the little fellows, he came down to their level and took them all in his arms and yet always maintained their respect and veneration as well as love. What a heaven that must be to him where perhaps nine out of every ten of the glorified inhabitants are translated little boys and girls. We may well imagine that he has already joined the children's choir and is still singing with them the song of the Lamb.

"The story of the end is briefly told. He returned from a convention tour in Canada during the first week of February, having passed through a blizzard of un-

usual severity. Writing to his boy and girl friends just in the midst of that trip he thus refers to the weather and gives out one of those bursts of sunshine and good cheer which were so normal in his life.

“My Beloved Wee Ones:

“Once again I am away on convention work. This time in Canada, the land of my birth, and at this season the land of snow and ice, with cold weather below zero, and sharp enough to make your hands and face tingle as you breast the keen wind, blowing over the ice-covered bay stretching out for miles into the great Lake Ontario beyond. But to me this cold, clear air is a tonic, and as I write I am praising God for the privilege of being with my dear old friends in Kingston once more, and enjoying with them the twofold air (1) the lower for the body; and (2) the upper for the soul, and taking both directly from God. We have had meetings full of power in Toronto and here and to-morrow we go to Ottawa for a few days.

“Then home for two or three days

and once more away. This time Atlanta and the Sunny South, to be busy with our dear people there till nearly the end of February. So you see I am within all kinds of weather in one short month. From ten to twenty below zero in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, to the balmy air of Georgia, where I expect to see flowers blooming in the open air before I return to New York at the end of the month.

“‘And best of all, kept by the power of God in body and soul, so sweetly that I seem to be walking on air above all the microbes and malaria of the lower world, and exchanging my strength for God’s, mounting up with wings as an eagle’s, running, and yet not weary; walking without growing faint. Isaiah xl.. 28-31 has become real to me and grows more and more so as the days go by, and there is no night in this land of light and love where the Lord and I are living.

“‘How I long and pray that you, dear children, your parents, teachers and friends, may all come into this better country soon, and not wait till you die

before singing as a present fact for every day use:

“ ‘ ‘T’ve reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

“ ‘ ‘The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we,
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven’s borderland.’ ”

“On Friday, February 7th, he left for Atlanta, Georgia, to begin a series of conventions in the South. He appeared to have been unwell on his arrival, but preached once on the following Sabbath.

“The dread disease of double pneumonia gradually developed.

“Everything that love and skill could do was done, but after Wednesday the gravest symptoms developed and messages reached us calling to united prayer in his behalf.

“He was surrounded by many praying hearts in Atlanta and was entertained in a home of wealth, by two of his oldest friends, where every comfort and atten-

tion possible were bestowed.

"But he continued to sink rapidly, and on Thursday night, a little before midnight, his spirit passed to his eternal rest.

"Two members of his family were hastening to his side, but they were unable to arrive in time to see him alive.

"His end was peace and triumph, and the last hymn which cheered his departing spirit was,

'Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what
Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving
heart.'

"The following quotation from a letter just received from the nurse who attended him in his last illness gives a beautiful picture of the triumph of his passing hours.

"'Our Father permitted me to minister to our beloved Dr. Wilson the days before his homegoing. I felt I wanted to write you something of those last hours. As a nurse I was permitted to be with him constantly, and felt it a privilege to have those last days with him, and even in the deep sorrow rejoice with joy unspeak-

able, the very room being filled with the glory of God.

“There was much in those days which spoke of his complete rest and trust in God. Over and over he repeated and tried to sing, “Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what Thou art.”

“His last service was on Tuesday afternoon, with his beloved little ones, and he said on Thursday, just before going home, as I told him the children were waiting for “Big Baby Brother”: “Take them a message from me, and tell them I will soon be with them.”

“Later he felt he was leaving us and said, “I have tried to grasp Him for life. If I fail, He knows all,” and with one of his smiles and reaching both arms toward Him, said, “Tell the loved ones there is perfect rest in Him, and if He takes me home to-night, it is all right. Tell them I shall be with Jesus at the right hand of the Father, praying for you all, and praying that some time He will reveal to you why this need be.”

“He often said, “Oh, such rest! Such joy!” and then just a short time before going home he opened his eyes and said, “I

have had such a blessed **vision of victory**. Jesus came to me and is **with me**. His presence and **glory** fill the room, and His angels are all about us. Oh, the joy, the joy, the rest in Him!"'

"Dr. Wilson's greatest ministry was his own victorious life.

" 'Do not write a book, but be a book,' was Sir Walter Scott's dying message to one of his young relatives. Dr. Wilson's life was an open book, illuminated and illustrated by innumerable pictures of light and love, and a book which even the youngest child has loved to read, and whose story will yet be told to children's children by these little ones.

"The next great lesson his spirit is bequeathing us is the gospel of hope and cheer, of holy gladness, of shining faces and songful souls.

"Surely, if we can do nothing else we can, like him, learn to 'rejoice evermore,' and shine for Jesus.

"And finally, if he could speak from heaven to-day, surely his last and tenderest bequest would be, 'Don't forget the children—the children of America, the

children of heathen lands,' for whose support he personally contributed through his little bands more than fifteen hundred dollars every year, and for whom his last thoughts and plans were actually engaged. How he used to teach the little ones to sing:

"Jesus loves the little children,
All the children of the world,
Brown and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in His sight,
Jesus loves the little children of the
world.

"The Master is saying to us through his simple, child-like and child-loving life, 'Lovest thou Me? Feed My lambs.' Oh, how they will miss him! How we all are missing him!

"God help us to take up the trust he is laying down, to put on his mantle of faith, hope, love and joy, and with him to share an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

"Three faces are looking down on us from heaven: three men who have been very near and dear to us as these years have gone by.

"The first is the face of John Cookman, a face of love, and some of us can remember how we often thought of the words spoken of Stephen, that 'his face seemed as the face of an angel.'

"The second is the face of A. J. Gordon, a face of peace.

"The third will henceforth be the face of dear Henry Wilson, the face of light, of sunshine, and of hope and gladness.

"Let us catch the reflection of these glorified faces as the gates open while they pass in, and let us take heart that we sorrow not even as others that have no hope, but press on a little longer and be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

"Friend of our hearts, farewell!
How swift thy heavenly call,
But yesterday we clasped thy hand,
To-day the funeral pall.

"Nay, not the pall, the bier,
For thee no death can be,
Thy radiant love is shining on,
These cerements hold not thee.

"The chrysalis has burst,
Thy winged soul has flown,

Thy song has struck a nobler key,
Before the jasper throne.

"With countless little ones
Who passed this way before,
We seem to see thy radiant form
Upon that shining shore.

"Thy loved ones, too, are there,
All pain and parting past,
Thy spirit breathes its native air,
And finds its home at last.

"Thou wast too bright for earth
To hold thee longer here,
Pass on! We would not wish thee back,
Amid these sorrows drear.

"But on we also press,
And may thy mantle fall,
And leave on many a quickened heart,
Some new and heavenly call.

"Where is Elijah's God!
Elijah's course is run,
Lord, clothe us with Thy changeless might,
Until our task is done."

One other tribute touched me perhaps
as much as any. It came from a man, an
old friend of St. George's parish, New
York. With a bunch of flowers it was
sent to me, on a small card:

“Will you place these flowers somewhere near your dear father, for I loved him much.’

After the news had reached Doctor Rainsford I received the following letter:

Dear Madele:

“I only heard yesterday of your dear, dear father’s sudden death, and I can assure you I am cut to the heart at sense of his loss.

“I had such a dear, loving letter from him very lately.

“He was so good to me since I have been ill, writing to me from time to time.

“Always the same cheery, consecrated, light-giving soul, who, like his Master, went about doing good.

“I shall ever recall those early days with him; the days of our first great endeavor. Days when he and Parker and I drew with the closest bonds of brotherhood. They were far the best days in my life and I am very sure the work we did then together cannot be undone.

“How you must miss him! A simpler, purer soul never did I meet. He sought not his own, and of him the world

was not worthy. Such men seldom win renown here—nor did he.

"I don't see how I missed seeing any account of his death. I read the Churchman. Can you tell me anything, or send me anything?"

"With deep sympathy I am ever,

"Yours truly,

"W. S. RAINSFORD."

Perhaps in concluding this chapter it would be most fitting to quote from the letter received from his last Episcopal Bishop, who just a few months later passed to the Beyond. I refer to Bishop Henry C. Potter.

"My Dear Miss Wilson:

"Let me offer you my sincere sympathy in view of the death of your father, of which I have just learned.

"I am heartily sorry that engagements already made will prevent my attendance at his funeral.

"As to everybody who knew him, your father greatly endeared himself to me, and was an example to all of us in his gracious and benignant bearing, in his

entire consecration to his Master's work and in his invincible tenderness for all sorrow and misadventure and sin, and his untiring sympathy in His service.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Wilson,

"Very faithfully yours,

"HENRY C. POTTER."

As I look over these tender and true expressions of love I cannot help recalling a quotation once read by me:

"Oh, how painful and sweet it is to stoop and bend day after day with weary care over the common dust-heap of our past experiences, and humming old tunes to ourselves, and thinking of our lost hopes and buried loves, to pick out the little diamonds of memory and put them into our bosoms."

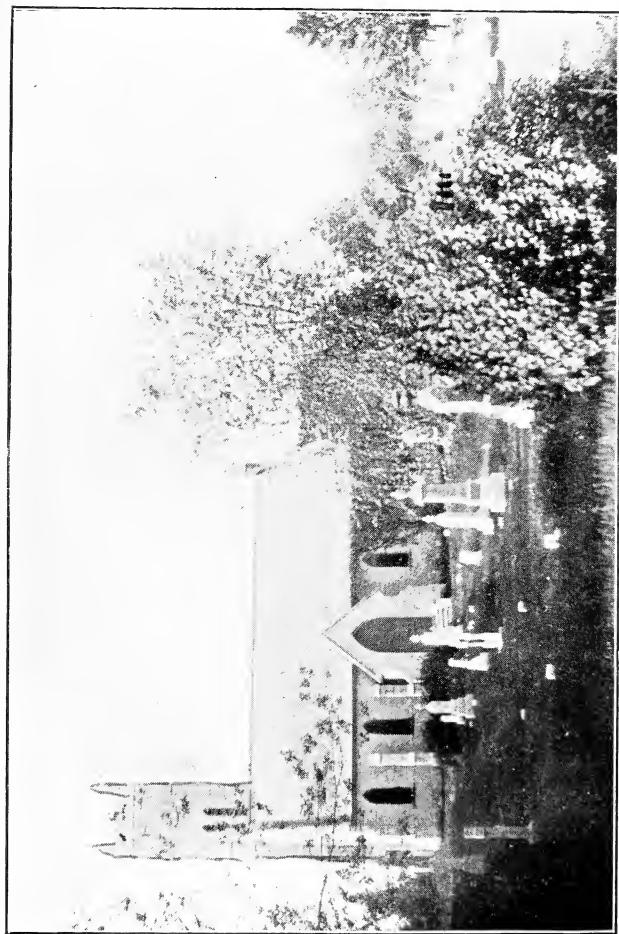
And now a few words will suffice to picture the last earthly journey I made with my beloved father alone to the spot in which he at last wished to be laid.

Under the sighing pines of the far-away country
churchyard,
By the side of his loved one he lies, both honored
and cherished.

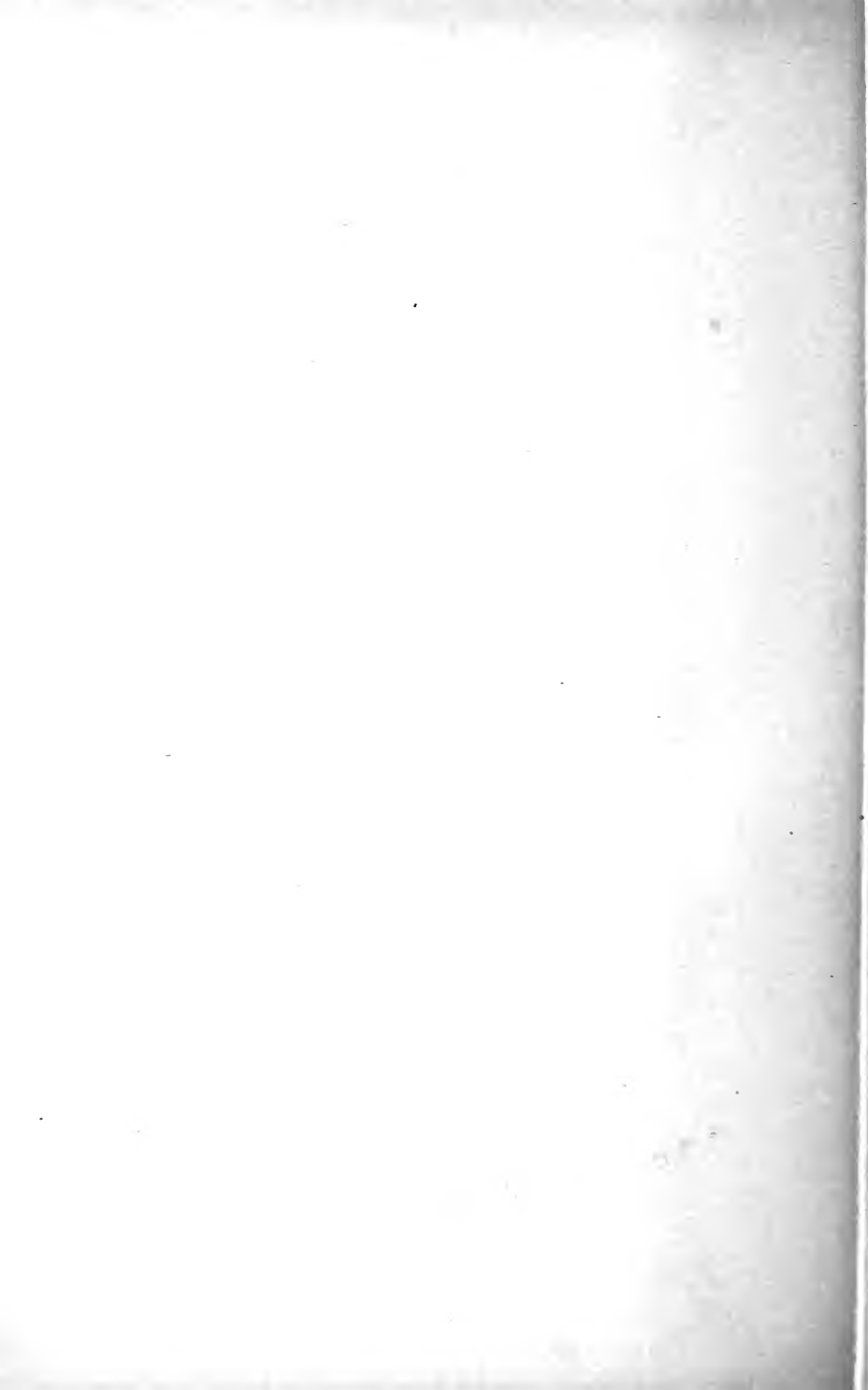
Daily the tide of life goes ebbing and flowing be-
side him,
Thousands of throbbing hearts where his is at
rest and forever.
Thousands of aching brains where his no longer
is busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where his have
ceased from their labor,
Thousands of weary feet, where his have com-
pleted the journey."

The spot where he had laid to rest those whom he had loved, when he was rector of the little church which he had built for the people of that district. The one little spot on earth that had any link with the past, and in which he had placed a memorial window to each of his wives, and a memorial font to his darling boy—a little church around which I have spent many an hour in my childhood days when too young to realize what the silent grave-stones meant to my father's life. Strange circumstance which brought me once again after a quarter of a century to erect another cross and stand over his open grave!

It might be as well to quote from the account given from the daily paper.



THE LITTLE CATERAQUI CHURCHYARD.
The four black marks indicate the graves.



"KINGSTON, April 18th, 1908.—This afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, a large congregation assembled in St. George's Cathedral when the remains of the late Reverend Henry Wilson, D.D., of New York, were carried up the aisle and into the chancel to receive the last rites of the Church of England, which he served so long, so faithfully, and so well.

"The remains were met at the Cathedral entrance by the clergy, who preceded them to the chancel, while the sad strains of Chopin's funeral march came softly from the organ. Clergy in attendance included the Dean of Ontario (Dean Farthing), Canon Starr, Canon Grout, Canon Loucks, Archdeacon Macmorine, Rev. S. Tighe, Rev. W. Lewin, Rev. R. S. Forneri, Rev. W. F. Fitzgerald.

"The services were conducted by the Dean of Ontario, assisted by Canon Starr.

"'For all the saints who from their labors rest,' was the opening hymn. Charles B. S. Harvey sang in a most feeling manner the hymn, 'Jesus, I am resting, resting,' a great favorite of Dr. Wilson, and the last he sang before he died.

The closing hymn was, 'Peace, perfect peace.'

"As the casket was carried forth the choir sang the 'Nunc Dimittis' and then followed 'The Dead March in Saul.'

"The mourners were Thomas R. Power, J. W. Power and Noel Kent.

"The pallbearers were six of the surviving parishioners of Dr. Wilson, when he was curate of St. George's. They were R. Waldron, R. T. Carson, M. S. Sutherland, W. B. Dalton, T. B. Walkern and Robert Sutherland.

"After the Cathedral service carriages were taken for Cateraqui Cemetery, where he was laid to rest in the family plot in the rear of Christ Church, where Dr. Wilson was once rector and where his memory is held fragrant. The graveside service was read by the Dean of Ontario.

"Three crosses mark the graves of other members of the family, and a fourth will soon be erected to mark the mound which covers all that is mortal of Dr. Henry Wilson."

And so we made our way to the little

country churchyard, a silent, faithful, loyal little band, and amidst the falling rain under the grey sky we took our last look and laid the few sweet violets above his head, ere the earth closed from our view the last earthly sight of one whose personality can never be effaced from our hearts, and whose loss will make an ache which no time can heal, and which only heaven restore till

"With the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

And when I look again upon the spot the white and stainless snow will have laid a pall over it—a covering no purer than the soul that lies beneath it.

For the sake of those who may not know the last hymn his dear lips strove to frame, I will quote it here:

"Jesus, I am resting, resting, in the joy of what
Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving
heart,
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee and Thy beauty fills my soul,
For by Thy transforming power Thou hast made
me whole.

"Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, I behold Thee
as Thou art,
And Thy love so pure, so changeless, satisfies my
heart,
Satisfies its deepest longings, meets, supplies its
deepest need,
Compasseth me 'round with blessings, Thine is
love indeed.

"Ever lift Thy face upon me, as I work and wait
for Thee,
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus, earth's dark
shadows flee,
Brightness of my Father's glory, sunshine of my
Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting, fill me with Thy
grace."

CHAPTER XII.

"ALL'S WELL."

'All is ended now, the hope and the fear and the
sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain and constant anguish of
patience,
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head
to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own and murmured,
'Father, I thank Thee.'

AND now what shall *I* say? The last four words of the above beautiful quotation form the only prayer I can yet trust my heart to make.

If human sympathy could stop the heart-ache I have had sufficient to prove how many people are praying for His sustaining grace: but in spite of it all, my heart DOES ache.

Not for the loss, for I think of all the everlasting pleasures he is enjoying at the right hand of God forevermore, but just the lonely feeling of having been left behind—a kind of homesickness that he has entered the gates first and I am

orphaned. It all sounds very human, but in this, the most awful shock of my life that could ever come to me, I feel "my soul from out that shadow shall be lifted—never more."

When I was permitted by my doctor to attend the funeral service I went for the inspiration it would be to my own heart, for the memory of a lifetime, and for what it might mean to me in the years to come when in some dark temptation I might have to pray, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Ah! what a beautiful service it was!

When I recall how he said when I joined the Army he would rather see me in my coffin than deserting my colors, I thank God that by His grace I never disappointed him, and I feel

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

Such a life as his was an inspiration, and what beautiful reunions he must be

having to-day with his "loved-and-lost-awhile" ones.

No sadness enters my heart when I view the picture from this standpoint, but to be the one left when the poor world needed him so much more than it did me seems indeed THE mystery.

Still I have much to be thankful for.

No long, distressing illness, no standing by to see his manly strength fail, no dimming of the vision, no catching of the breath, no wild delirium of the eye have haunted me in his outgoing.

There is a pang of unutterable sadness when I think I was not permitted to kneel somewhere near him as his great soul passed "the ever open door."

I should like to have seen the shadow of earth fall as he entered the glory of the Eternal City, and to have pressed my fervent lips to his pallid hand ere he let go his earthly grasp—but God willed it otherwise.

It was a privilege to have lived with him—years of perfect, unbroken, happy comradeship, unselfishly fond of one another, putting nothing in the other's way to prevent the extension of the kingdom

of God—and now to think he has gone into the glory, and the land where no teardrops fall—far from suffering and pain—gone before I could realize it.

But the oncoming years will not help me to forget it, nor will the consciousness of infinite sympathy blot out the longing for the one beautiful and as nearly perfect soul as I have ever met.

I feel sure God's tender love will not fail me in this darkest hour of all, and for the sake of the dear one who is gone He will not suffer me to fall.

I can only say that as to the thousands of hearts everywhere it has brought infinite sorrow, so has that sorrow concentrated itself on my heart. and when the call comes to anyone of us who has lived and loved, may we be found as ready to meet our God and with as clear a faith and as heavenly a vision.

In one of his devotional books I found this little poem, which I knew he loved much and which was written shortly after the shadow of death had fallen across his own early life, and because I consider it a fitting conclusion, I place it here.

"BYE AND BYE.

"What will it matter bye and bye,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a grey or a golden sky,
When I look back on it bye and bye?

"What will it matter bye and bye,
Whether with dancing joy I went
Down through the years with a gay content?
Never believing, nay, not I!
Tears would be sweeter, bye and bye.

"What will it matter bye and bye,
Whether unhelped I've toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the bye and bye?

"What will it matter bye and bye,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain,
Close to the pallid angel Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh?
All will be otherwise bye and bye.

"What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If in my fear of lapse or fall,
Close I have clung to Christ, through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Sure He will smooth it bye and bye?

"What will it matter bye and bye?
Nought, if I'm sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened leads to God.
Questioning not of the How, the Why,
If I but reach Him bye and bye.

"What will it matter? Nothing but this,
That light and darkness, joy and pain,
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven, home, all in all, bye and bye."

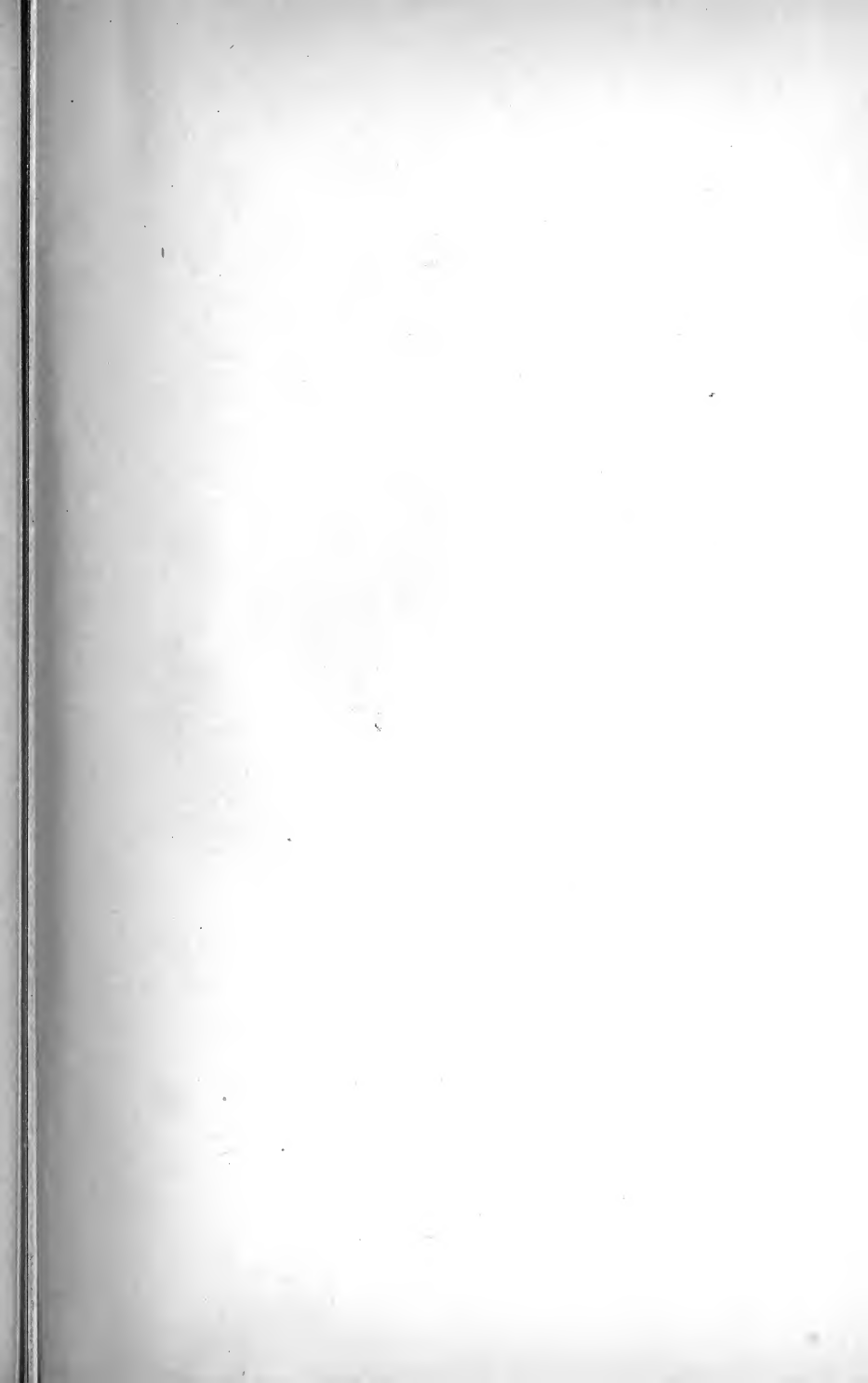
The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good night," so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection morning. The following beautiful hymn sung by Mr. Sankey at the funeral service of the late C. H. Spurgeon, seems to me a fitting close to this little sketch:

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest.
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast.
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.
Good-night!

"Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is over-past,
Good-night!

"Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!

"Until, made beautiful by love Divine
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine.





W. A. C.
1908

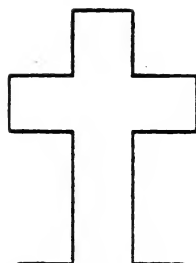
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night!

"Only 'Good-night,' beloved; not 'farewell';
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible.
Good-night!"

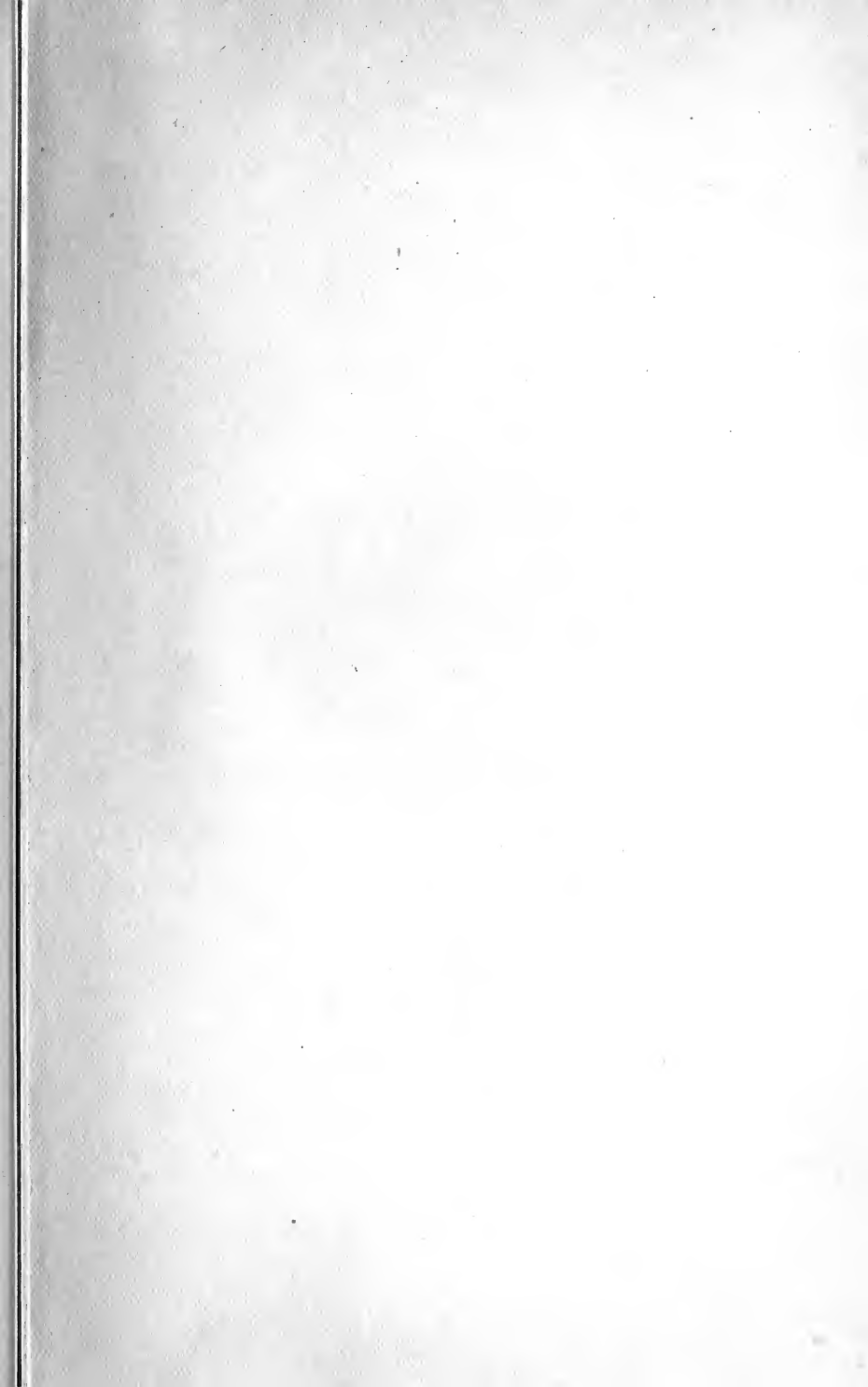
"Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night!"

"Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and
Youth as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his
Deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for
it was not.
Over him years had no power;
He was not changed but transfigured,
He had become to her heart as one
Who is dead and not absent."

—Longfellow.



To Our
Beloved Father
Henry Wilson, D. D.
Born April 20th 1841 Died Feb 13th 1908.
Jesus I am resting resting in the Joy of what Thou art.
I am finding out the greatness of Thy loving heart.



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